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What was I to do?

R O R Y O ' M O R E :

A NATIONAL ROMANCE.

BY

SAMUEL LOVER, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

“ ‘ There 's luck in odd numbers,’ says Rory O'More.”

FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

VOL. III.

L O N D O N :

R I C H A R D B E N T L E Y,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1837.



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RORY O'MORE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SHOWING HOW LIKE A GENTLEMAN A TINKER IS WHEN
HE THINKS HE IS DYING.

“When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be ;
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.”

To account for the presence of Regan in the glen of the Folly at this time, it becomes necessary to revert to the events of the night the smugglers carried off the collector.

When the kidnappers and their prisoners made their first halt at the lonely hut where the car was procured, the old tinker determined to remain there for the night, as he felt unable to proceed, being attacked with fits of shivering, probably occasioned by his remaining standing so long

nearly up to the knees in water during the imprisonment of the smugglers in the vault. Copious draughts of hot punch failed to relieve him ; and as this wretched hovel was unprovided with a bed, a bundle of straw was all the tinker had to lie upon ; and this was a share granted to him by Morty Mooney from his own wisp, which served himself for a bed whenever he used the hut as his resting-place,—the hovel not being meant for a regular domicile, but serving the disorderly set with whom Morty was leagued, as a place of rendezvous or halt, as occasion required ; for from its lonely situation it was admirably adapted to the purposes of those with whom secrecy was often an object of importance.

During the night, Solomon's moans sometimes disturbed the sleep of Morty Mooney, who, as morning approached, was besought by the tinker to get " a spark o' fire " and make some more hot punch, for in the course of the night the fire had become extinguished. The request was complied with ; but Solomon's pain

remained unalleviated ; he continued his moaning protestations that he was “racked intirely,” and, at length, expressed his fear that he was dying. As this belief became strengthened, the unfortunate old reprobate exhibited considerable apprehension of the final hour, and showed his dread of approaching judgment by many pious ejaculations that long had been strangers to his withered lips. At last, he said he should like to see the priest, and urged Morty to go for him. But Morty said he could not do his errand until the return of Shan Regan, who had accompanied the party overnight and promised to be back early on the following morning ; but that as soon as he arrived, the priest should be sent for.

“Oh, don’t lose any time, Morty,—I’m very bad !—Oh, if I should die without seein’ the priest !”

“You’re not so bad as all that comes to yet,” said Morty.

“Oh, I’m racked inside, and I feel myself growin’ wake !”

"Here's more hot dhrink for you."

"It's no use."

"It's brave and sthrong, and as hot as the divil."

"Oh, don't say divil—God be merciful to me!—don't say divil, Morty,—don't!—Oh! oh! I'm racked! Gi' me the dhrink, then:—is it hot?—is it hot?"

"Yis, brave and hot;" and he handed him the steaming punch in a jug, which trembled in the old tinker's hands and rattled against his teeth as he drank.

"It's no use," said Solomon; "it warms my heart no more than if it was cowl'd wather.—I'm cowl'd—I'm cowl'd!—Oh, the rackin' pain!—For the love o' God go for the priest, and don't let me die this a-way!"

"The minit Regan comes."

"Oh, he can wait, but my poor sowl can't wait! You wouldn't stand between me and the light o' glory, would you?—Oh, go, Morty, go!—you'll be dyin' one day yourself."

“Well, whenever that may be, I won’t be sitch a coward about it, anyhow.”

“You don’t know that,—you don’t know that.—While the life is sthrong the courage is sthrong, but the heart fails you when you feel the life gettin’ low.”

“Tut ! don’t be so afeard, a man ought always to be a man.”

“Oh, you dunna what it is to be hangin’ over the pit, and the thread o’ life goin’ to brake ! I thought like you wanst, but now it’s dhreadful to be near it !—Oh, don’t let me die out o’ salvation ! go for the priest if you hope to see glory.”

Morty went outside the cottage to avoid Solomon’s importunity ; for he did not like complying with his request without seeing Regan, as, under existing circumstances, he dreaded that the tinker should make some discoveries in the course of his confession with his ghostly visitor which might prove inconvenient to his confederates. He walked therefore towards the

point whence he expected Regan to approach, and was not long without meeting him. He communicated to him Solomon's precarious state, and his desire to see the priest, and pointed out his apprehensions of the dangerous consequences that might arise from complying with his request. They consulted together on the course to be pursued in this matter, as they walked slowly back to the hut where the tinker still lay groaning and calling unavailingly on Morty to hasten for the confessor.

"It would be well he was dead, the owld thief!" said Morty, "for he'd be no loss to any one."

"That's thrue indeed, and by what you tell me it's like he's not long for this world: don't you say he's dyin'?"

"He thinks so himself," said Morty; "but that's the cowardly heart of him; for he's as tough as a gad, and I don't think he'll go without a hard sthuggle. Suppose we lave him there and let him die?"

"How would it be wid us thin?" said Regan, who did not in the smallest degree revolt at the cruelty of the suggestion, but had an eye to the consequences.

"Sure, we wouldn't have a hand in puttin' any harm on him, and who could say a word to us?"

"That's thrue, sure enough," said Regan, who walked a few paces in silence while he revolved in his own mind the proposition.

"If he was found dead there, it might lead to inquiry."

"When he's dead, can't we throw him into a bog-hole?" said Morty: "who cares enough for him to ax any questions?"

"Do you know where the ass is?" said Regan, still considering.

"No," said Morty.

"You see that!" said Regan, "the cunnin' owld rascal always left the ass somewhere else whenever he kem to the Folly, that it might be to the fore to rise a question if anything happened him and he didn't go back to claim it.—Do you mind?"

"Bad luck to his 'cuteness! what a head he has!"

"He's the biggest owld rogue in Ireland!" said Regan.

"Well, what are we to do?" said Morty.

"We'll see how he is first," said Regan as they approached the lonely hut. On getting near the door, they paused for a moment, and heard the groans of Solomon, mingled with ejaculations which were uttered aloud:

"Oh, Morty Mooney, are you gone for the priest? — bring him to save my poor sowl! — Oh, if you desaive me, may a dead man's curse be an you, and may you never see the light o' glory at your own dyin' hour!"

"That's a bitther curse he's puttin' an you, Morty,—aren't you afeard?" said Regan, whose superstitious nature was worked upon.

"Betther for him pray for himself than curse me," said Morty.

"Well, it's betther see him agin, anyhow," said Regan, who entered the hut followed by Morty.

When Solomon heard the approaching footsteps, he turned on his straw, and cried in a voice of anxious earnestness, "Is that his reverence?"

"Are you betther now?" was the answer he got from Regan.

"Oh, didn't you bring the priest?"

"By an' by, man,—by an' by."

The old tinker groaned in mental and bodily anguish: "Oh, if I die out o' salvation!"

"Listen to me, man," said Regan.

A conversation now took place between them, in which Solomon worked upon the superstitious feelings which he knew Regan to be under the control of, and threatened him with the appearance of his unlaid ghost after death if he permitted him to die without seeing the priest. Regan, in turn, made Solomon swear by "the holy vestments and the seven blessed candles," that he would not in his confession to the clergyman commit his companions.

This, in his urgency for haste, Solomon promised, and offered in proof of his sincerity

that Regan might be present while he received absolution from the confessor. This point being carried, the pastor was sent for, and Morty Mooney was urged to use all speed.

“And suppose I go for the docthor?” said Regan.

“No, no,” said Solomon, “it’s no use,—and don’t lave me to die alone, for God’s sake!—stay wid me,—let me howld you—there, there! sure it’s comfortin’ to have a grip o’ somethin’ in this life, while you’re in it,—not to be left alone in the last minit, to quit the world like a banished sthranger.”

Solomon continued in great pain and was apparently sinking, and his anxiety for ghostly consolation continued to increase in a fearful degree. Nevertheless, Regan, having acquitted his conscience in *sending* for the priest, was in hopes the tinker would die before his arrival, and so put the secrets Solomon was in possession of out of danger. This inhuman desire, however, was not gratified: the approaching tramp of a horse was heard, and Regan, on going to the

door, saw Father Frank riding towards the hut at a smart pace. Regan returned to the straw litter where Solomon lay, and said,

“Now, remember your oath,—don't bethray us; for if you do, hell-fire will be your portion!”

“Lord be merciful to me!” said the dying man.

Regan now returned to the door to receive the priest, and with the disgusting words he uttered to the dying sinner yet hot on his lips, he said, “God save your reverence!” as he made a low obeisance to the priest, who alighted and entered the hovel, while Regan secured the bridle of the horse to the staple on the door-post and followed fast into the hut.

“Well, my poor man, are you very ill?” said Father Frank.

“Oh, God be praised you're come!” said Solomon. “I'm dyin', your reverence,—dyin'!—give me the comforts o' the church, and God bless you! Oh, I'm a poor sinner! give me absolution for my sins, and save my poor sowl!”

"Leave me alone with him," said the clergyman to Regan: "he wants to confess."

"Plaze your reverence, he has nothin' to confess: he says he only wants the comforts o' the church before he departs."

"Retire," said the pastor. "You ought to know he cannot receive the sacrament without making a confession."

Solomon declared he had nothing to confess: "I have no time for confession, more than that I'm a wicked sinner, and repent o' my sins, and hope to see glory, if your reverence will give me absolution."

"God help you, poor man!" said Father Frank humanely, "you shall have the consolations of the church in your last moments; but you should make a clean breast, and unburthen your conscience: you have sins to confess."

"More than I have time for," said Solomon faintly: "I'm dyin'. I confess I'm a miserable sinner, and I ax God's pardon, and my blessed Sav'or's pardon; and won't you give me absolution, your reverence, and promise me the light

o' glory ? — Oh, take pity on my poor sinful sowl, and give me the absolution !— and I have money, money enough, your reverence.”

“ Don't think of your money, you poor sinful mortal ! but think of saving your soul, and confess yourself before God, who knows your crimes, and is willing to pardon them if you confess them.”

“ Oh, I lave *all that* to his *own honour*, your reverence, if you 'll only gi' me the absolution, and say masses for my poor sowl when I 'm gone ; — and I 've money to pay for thim — plenty o' money — will you say the masses for me ?”

“ Let me confess you first.”

“ Sure, I 've nothin' to confess, more nor I confessed already,—I 'm a poor sinner, and ax absolution ; and if your reverence goes to the glin o' the Folly — and there at the upper end there's a big rock stands out in the glin, and some hazel-threes near it higher up the hill.” Here he writhed in agony, and gave his accustomed cry that he was racked. He seemed

weaker after the spasm, and in a voice more faint than hitherto, besought the priest for absolution, with a look so imploring, that Father Frank could no longer resist the appeal, and fearing he should expire every instant, the extremity of the case induced him to dispense with a confession, and he administered the last rites of the church.

The poor wretch seemed much soothed by the act, and after a short pause continued.

“Undher that rock, near a big bunch o’ dock-laves, if you dig up the ground, you’ll find a leather bag with goolden guineas in it,—more — more — than you’d think — the poor tinker—” Here he paused again in apparent pain; but recovering again, he said faintly. “The goold — your reverence — I give the goold to you — for the masses — for my sowl. Oh, say the masses! — the masses!” He could add no more, and sank back on his heap of straw.

“God be merciful to his soul!” said the priest devoutly, as he joined his hands in prayer over the poor sinner, whose spirit he

thought had passed. But Solomon had not yet given up the ghost; he still continued to breathe, but his state of exhaustion seemed to be such, that no hope could be entertained of his recovery, and as there was no apparent likelihood even of returning consciousness, Father Frank prepared to go.

“This should be an awful warning to you,” said he to Regan, who attended him to his horse. “See how the deathbed of the sinner shakes the heart! I hope you may profit by the lesson. After the poor man’s decease, you must accompany me to the place where he said his money is concealed, to witness how much is there, and I will divide it between masses for his soul and offices of charity.”

When the priest had gone, Regan returned to the hut and found Solomon had sunk into a sleep. “I suppose he’ll go off that way,” said he to himself. “And to think o’ the owld vagabone having such a power o’ money, all by chatin’ and robbin’ — the way he robbed the stakes o’ the game yestherday in the Folly!”

To every one's surprise, Solomon, instead of dying, awoke the better of his sleep — much exhausted it is true, but manifestly out of danger. While in this state, he was often visited by Father Frank, who endeavoured to impress upon him how sacred the duty became, to thank God for his mercy, in granting the time for repentance of his sins, and not hastening him away in the unprepared state in which the pastor found him, when, trembling at the terrors of death, he prayed for absolution, which, under the extreme circumstances of the case, had been given him then: “but now,” added Father Frank, “I expect you to lead a good life for the remainder of the period Heaven may please to grant you, and I desire you come to your duty regularly.”

Solomon promised fairly; but the moment the priest's back was turned, his thoughts were far from heavenward. To the earth, to the earth they returned again; for he thought of his concealed treasure, and trembled for its safety,

as he remembered that Regan was present when he named the spot where it was buried.

For some days he could not rise from the litter whereon he lay ; and when he was enabled to move, it was but to crawl feebly along. But even in this exhausted state he made his way to the glen of the Folly, to try if his hoard was safe. The appearance of the spot alarmed him, for the place bore marks of being recently disturbed, and he began eagerly to upturn the soil. Wretched was the work of the old miser : digging up the earth that so soon must cover him, to seek that which was dearer to him than life. What was his agony when he found his misgivings at sight of the place were well founded, and that his gold was gone !

At first he stood as stiff and cold as stone ; and had he been of a nature sensible to emotion, the shock would have killed him. At length he gave way to groans and wrung his hands in despair — he threw himself on the ground ; and tears, that had never since childhood wetted his

cheek, now streamed down the furrows that crime and craft had worn there. He cursed his fate in having been spared from the grave only to taste a bitterness beyond that of death, and his wailing was mingled with blaspheming.

The sweet echoes of the quiet glen were startled at the disgusting sounds, and the pure peace of Nature violated !

But the master-spirit of the miser at length came to his aid :—craft rose, phoenix-like, from the ashes of his heart.—Where, a few minutes before, he wept in despair, and wrung his hands, he now sat motionless, with knitted brow and compressed lips, planning within the dark and tortuous labyrinths of his deceitful mind stratagem after stratagem to regain his lost treasure. With the patience and cunning of a spider, thread after thread he spun ; and if the breath of doubt shook his fabric and broke his meshes, on he toiled, unwearied, until the web was completed : and now he only wanted to lure his game within his grasp.

Having determined on his plan, he replaced

the earth he had dug up ; and so carefully did he restore the appearance of the spot as it existed before his visit, that no one would have suspected it had been so recently disturbed.

He then left the place, muttering curses upon Regan,—for that he was the person who purloined the treasure there was no doubt ; and the plan he adopted to make him restore it was this : —He contrived an opportunity of speaking to Regan without exciting his suspicions ; and after alluding to the circumstances of his sickness, and of the hidden money which he had told the priest of, — “ as you heerd me tell him yourself,” said he, — Solomon then proceeded to inform him that he had hid another hoard of money in another place, but that he did not think it was as safe as it would be in the glen of the Folly : “ and as the priest and you knows that place,” said Solomon, “ and as I can’t live much longer now, I would wish it to be known where my money is, — for it’s a pity it would be lost ; and when I’m gone, sure I’d wish to lave somethin’ to my

friends to remimber me, and some to say masses for my sowl ; — for to give it all to the priest, you see, Shan, is more nor I think right or raysonable. But, as I was sayin', it's better have it all in one place ; and so, if you'll go wid me to the glin, I'll put the rest o' what I have there too." Here he produced a small leather bag, in which he had put some pieces of clipped tin to resemble the chink of coin, and just shaking it, to deceive the ears of Regan, as he gave him a glimpse of the purse, he replaced it in his pocket, asking Regan to accompany him the next day to the glen — " For, you see," said he, " people sometimes goes there now, to see the Folly, since the night we done the thrick there ; and I'm wake and owld, and would be afeard to go by myself wid so much money about me. So, Shan *agra*, come wid me, and thin you'll know where every rap poor owld Solomon has saved is hid — jist yourself and the priest ; — and when I'm dyin', I won't forget you, Shan — throth I won't."

Regan fell into the trap, for the finished deception of Solomon's acting induced the belief that he really had more treasure to hide, and Shan Dhu lost no time in restoring the bag he had stolen to its former place of concealment, intending, when the additional treasure was placed there, to seize it all and decamp. It was the following day he went with the tinker for the purpose of making the second deposit ; and it was on this mission he was engaged when Mary O'More heard his voice in the glen and fled at his approach. Let us now return to her, whom we left trembling in her place of concealment.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHICH WILL EXPLAIN ITSELF.

MARY O'MORE nearly fainted from terror at the sight of Regan, who stood in silence near the rock; and the thought of his discovering her alone in such a deserted place shot a pang of agony through her frame.

Regan at last raised his voice, and cried, "Are you comin'?"

The words were delightful to Mary's ear, for they implied he had a companion, and the sense of her desolation was lessened.

"Come on," said Regan again; and Solomon soon was visible to Mary. It was the first time in her life she had ever been glad to see the old tinker.

“ Let me rest a bit,” said Solomon, seating himself; “ the walkin’ tires me: I’m wake yet.”

“ No wondher,” said Regan. “ ’Faith, I thought you wor gone th’ other day !”

“ Well, I can’t stay very long now, anyhow ! I feel myself goin’ fast ; and whenever that ’ll be, you ’ll know where to get the goold, Shan *agra*, — for it’s yourself will have the most of it.”

(“ All of it,” thought Shan in his heart.)

“ And so,” continued Solomon, who, with admirable presence of mind, did not seem to be in any hurry to look for his money, — “ So you tell me that the Frinchman went aboard himself ?”

“ Yis.”

“ And the collecthor is out o’ the way ?”

“ Snug,” said Regan.

Mary, at the name of the collector, was breathless, and listened till the anxiety of hearing made her ears tingle again.

"And Rory?" said Solomon.

"D—n his sowl! *he*'s out of the way too," said Regan.

Poor Mary gasped for breath.

"And not one can make head or tail of it through the counthry," said Solomon.

"'Faith, they may look for him long enough before they'll find him!" said Regan.

"Well, we may as well look for what we kem for, now that I'm rested," said Solomon.
"There's the very spot where it is."

"Show it to me, jist," said Regan, "and I'll turn up the earth for you, bekaze you are wake yet, and don't fataigue yourself."

"Thru for you," said Solomon, who knew Regan's motive was to prevent the recent removal of the earth being noticed.

Shan Dhu now opened the blade of a large clasp knife, and commenced the act of unearthing the treasure.

Mary was in a state of confused horror all this time. She had heard them say Rory

might be looked for a long while before he was found, and she imagined, from these words, that they had concealed his body after he was murdered, (for she had given up all hope of Rory's being alive;) and perhaps this was the spot where his mangled remains were hid,—perhaps these were his murderers before her;—if she were seen, her life would be forfeited also! She could observe Solomon's face from where she lay, and she saw his eyes fixed with a look of fascination upon the spot where Regan was delving with his knife and turning up the clay with his hands.

Regan said at last, “I think I'm near it now.”

Mary's blood ran cold;—was it her brother's corse they were uncovering? Solomon's look became more intense, and in a minute more he exclaimed, “That's it, that's it!” and with his hands outstretched like the claws of a bird of prey, he pounced upon the hole that Regan had made and rooted up the bag. “I have it, I have it!” said he, unable to contain his trans-

port at the sight of his regained treasure, which he hugged up close to his breast, as a mother would hug her first-born.

Regan looked at him with a mixture of suspicion and ferocity in his countenance perfectly horrible, and neither of them spoke for some seconds.

Solomon was the first to break silence, and, rising from his seat, he said, "I b'lieve we may as well go now."

"Go where?" said Regan.

"Out o' this," said Solomon: "we need not stay here any longer."

"Why, aren't you goin' to bury it again?"

"Yis, in another place."

"Why, you towld me you had more to put to it!"

"Ay, ay, and so I will put this along wid th' other."

"But you said you'd put what more you had here!" said Regan, who began to see the trick the tinker meant to play him.

"Well, that's what I *intindid*," said Solo-

mon; "but I changed my mind sence, and I think this will be safer along wid th' other: come wid me, and we'll put it there;" and he arose to depart as he spoke.

Regan laid his hand on the skirt of the tinker's ragged coat, and dragged him to his seat again as he said, "You won't go that way, as cunnin' as you think yourself! Don't be catchin' your young birds with chaff that way, Solomon Sly, my darlin': owld sojers are not to be done with gingerbread!"

"What do you mane, Shan *avic*?" said Solomon, endeavouring to affect composure.

"I tell you what I mane," said Regan with decided ferocity in his manner: "I mane, that the divil an out o' this you take that money so aisy!"

"Why, you wouldn't hendher me o' puttin' my money where I like, would you, Shan *agra*?" said Solomon, still endeavouring to maintain a quiet state of things; but while he assumed so much indifference, he kept an iron grip of his money-bag.

“ I ’ll hendher you takin’ it out o’ this—by this knife I will ! ” said Regan, as he clutched the weapon fiercely and shook it with vehemence in the tinker’s face.

Solomon changed countenance a little as he attempted further wheedling.

“ Can’t you come and see where I put it along wid the rest ? ” said he.

“ *Along wid the rest indeed !* That was a purty humbug you made me b’lieve, you owld villian ! Along wid the rest !—go and see where you put it ! Yis, you threacherous owld thief ! go out on the public road wid you, and then you ’ll make some fine excuse as ’cute as a leprauchaun, and give me the slip ! No, no ; I have you now, and I ’ll make my own o’ you ! You promised me some of it, and I ’ll have it, or I ’ll know why.”

“ You wouldn’t take the money from a poor owld man, would you, Shan dear ? ”

“ Poor, indeed ! ” said Regan. “ Why, you owld starved ’ottomy, that never had the heart

to buy a male's mate or a hearty glass, you have more goold than many a sportin' fellow in the counthry, and more than ever you can want; and I *do* want it, and, what's more—and take one word for all—by the blessed light I'll have it before you lave this !”

“ Why, Regan, it's not robbin' an owld man you 'd be ?”

“ Robbin' !—*you* talk of robbin' ! Tell me, you grey owld vagabone, who was it stole the stakes o' the spoil-five in the Folly ? You thought no one saw you, did you ? but I seen it—I did, and now I'll see who can play the best game here ! Gi' me the half o' that bag, and be thankful I don't take it all !—you know you promised me share of it.”

“ Yis, yis, I did,” said Solomon, “ and I'll keep my word, Shan dear,—I will ; but you remember I said it should be afther I die.”

“ *Die?*” said Regan with terrible meaning in his voice, — “ die ? Take care how you put me in mind o' *that* !”

Solomon looked ghastly at the implied threat, and said imploringly, " Oh, Shan, Shan ! sure you wouldn't murdher me !"

" Who was it taught me last Sunday three weeks ? — who was it said in the Folly, that '*dead men tell no tales*?'—eh ?" and his voice assumed a deeper tone.

" Oh, Shan, Shan ! you wouldn't, you wouldn't !" And Solomon again attempted to rise and depart ; but Regan laid a still fiercer grasp upon him than he had yet done, and said, " Wouldn't I ?" with the scowl of a fiend. " Give me the half o' that money, or I'll make a way to your throat nearer than your mouth—by the 'tarnal I will ! Will you give it ?"

Solomon did not speak, but clutched his money-bag faster.

" Will you, I say ?" said Regan, getting more excited, and gripping his knife with as determined a purpose as the tinker clutched his treasure.

Solomon now gathered all the strength he

had left into one desperate effort, and, in the hope of alarming Regan, he raised his voice and shouted, "Murdher ! murdher !"

"You will have it, then !" said Regan, who, step by step, was worked up to desperation, and rushing on the old man, he caught him by the throat, flung him to the ground, and, with uplifted knife, was about to throw himself upon him with a horrible curse, when Mary O'More, whose mind had been wrought to the highest pitch of terror-stricken excitement, could contain her feelings no longer, and uttered an appalling shriek ; and as the echoes of the valley rang to the scream, Regan stood petrified with alarm.

Solomon took advantage of his terror, and looking towards the spot whence the scream proceeded, he saw, as he arose at the same instant, the girl emerge from her place of concealment ; and with an activity surprising for one in his weakened condition, he was at her side in a moment, and clinging to her, prevented the escape she meditated. "Save me ! save

me!" he exclaimed, as he held her with the energy and tenacity of terror.

The consequences of a witness being present at what had taken place flashed upon Regan's mind in an instant; and once being committed in an act of outrage, desperation urged him onward, and seeing Mary O'More in such a position inflamed his brutal nature with thoughts fitter for hell than earth. To divide Solomon and the girl, and dispose of them separately, was his object; so, stimulating Solomon by the hope of saving his gold, he said,

"Go off wid you — be off, you and your money, and lave this young woman with me: I want to have some words with her."

Mary was now the person to cling to the tinker, who endeavoured to shake her off, while she begged for the love of God he would not desert her.

"Let him go, I tell you!" said Regan.

"No! no!" screamed the girl.

The vile old miser whose life she had just saved now eagerly endeavoured to loose him-

self from her hold, and leave her in the hands of the ruffian from whose knife she had delivered him, and, in the desire to save his gold, would have left her in peril of worse than death.

“ Let me go, I bid you !” cried the tinker impatiently, and striking as fiercely as he could at the straining hands which held him.

“ For the Blessed Virgin, I beseech you, Solomon darlin’,” cried the agonised girl, “ don’t lave me with that horrid man ! Oh, Solomon ! afther savin’ your life, don’t lave me this way !”

Solomon seemed for an instant to have a touch of compunction ; but Regan said, “ If you stay here two minutes longer, the divil a guinea you ’ll ever lift out o’ this ! Be off, and lave this spyin’ young lady with me.”

The threat roused Solomon to action, and again he endeavoured to shake Mary from him. She threw herself on her knees before him, and clasping him firmly round his trembling limbs, besought him in the most earnest and touching manner not to abandon her.

“ Oh, sure you wouldn't desert the poor, helpless, innocent girl, — sure you wouldn't ! God won't forgive you if you do. — Oh, sweet Virgin, protect me ! ”

“ Shake her off, I tell you, and save your money, or, by all the divils in hell, I'll have the lives o' both o' yiz ! ” shouted Regan as he laid hold of Mary O'More and dragged her fiercely from Solomon, who struggled to disengage himself from her ; and at last, by his striking her heavily on the hands, the unfortunate girl was forced to relinquish her grasp ; but at the same moment she made a desperate effort to regain her feet, and springing from her knees, turned with the energy of desperation upon Regan and cried with vehemence, “ May the God that looks down on us judge and punish you if you wrong me, Shan Regan ! ”

The moment Solomon found himself free, he exerted what speed he might in getting away ; and Regan, holding Mary with a grip of iron,



Sam Moyer

and looking on her with demoniac triumph, said,

“Now I’ll tache you, my saucy lady, how you’ll gibe and jilt a man ! and you’ll larn more in the glin than you came to watch for !”

With these words, he attempted to seize her round the waist ; but Mary made an active resistance, and maintained a surprising struggle against his ruffian assault ; but every instant her power to repel became less, her exclamations to Heaven grew weaker, and at last her short and gasping shriek gave token that she felt her remaining strength fast failing.

Just at this moment, when she was nearly within the irrecoverable gripe of Shan Dhu, the baying of hounds reached her ear, and she screamed with wild joy,

“The hunt ! the hunt !”

Regan made a last desperate effort to drag her into the hazel-wood, where he might effect concealment and drown her cries, but, inspired by the hope of succour, Mary redoubled her

efforts, and while she was writhing in the unequal struggle, a fox ran close beside them and dashed across the glen as the cry of the hounds grew louder.

“They’re coming! they’re coming!” she cried; “you villian, they’re coming! there’s the fox! Oh, blessed Virgin, you’ve saved me!”

The cheering cry of the dogs again rang up the glen, the pack opened louder and louder every instant, and, in dread of discovery, Regan dashed into the wood and climbed up the cliff.

The moment she was freed from his grasp, Mary O'More ran with wild speed down the glen towards the point whence the sound of the chase proceeded, and soon saw the horsemen urging forward. The moment she beheld them, the certainty of protection produced so violent a revulsion of feeling, that her brain reeled as she rushed onward, and she fell prostrate to the earth.

Among the foremost of the horsemen, was Mr. Dixon, a magistrate,—a gentleman of a kinder nature than the generality of his class.

He rode beside Squire Ransford, and they both saw the precipitous flight of Mary O'More down the glen. Mr. Dixon remarked the circumstance to the squire, who attributed the headlong speed of the girl to her fear of the hounds. Still Mr. Dixon kept his eyes fixed on Mary ; and seeing her fall, he exclaimed,

“ Down she goes !”

“ Let her pick herself up again !” said the squire, as he dashed forward in the chase.

But the magistrate, though fond of hunting, thought there were other things in this world worth thinking of ; he had some heart about him, with which the squire was not troubled, and, despite the alluring notes of “ Sweet-lips ” and “ Merry-lass,” who gave tongue ahead in good style, he drew his bridle when he saw the fugitive sink to the earth, and rode up to the prostrate girl, while the rest of the hunt followed the squire, and left the office of charity to him : and well for poor Mary O'More that there was one to pity and protect her !

Mr. Dixon alighted, and was some time be-

fore he could calm the impatience of his excited horse, which panted with eagerness to continue the chase, and he could not attend to Mary until he had soothed his steed into quietness ; then throwing the rein over his arm, he knelt down to raise the fainting girl from the earth, and found her in a state of complete insensibility. Seeing that to restore her would require his undivided attention, he led his horse, which still pulled at his arm with impatience, to a thorn-tree, and fastening the bridle to it, he hastened back to Mary.

Raising her gently from the earth, he carried her close to the river ; and there, by copiously sprinkling the cool stream over her face, which a deathlike paleness overspread, — a paleness rendered more striking by the dark hair that streamed loosely around her head and neck, he gradually restored her to life ; but it was some time before consciousness returned. The sound of many waters was in her ears as she opened her eyes and looked vaguely around. When she caught the first glimpse of Mr. Dixon,

the sight of a human face seemed to startle her, and she attempted to scream; but her exhausted energies could only give vent to a hard-drawn sigh. The soothing tone in which she was spoken to, tended to restore her, and after some time she uttered a few broken sentences; but, from previous terror, such was the incoherency of her expressions, that Mr. Dixon could only conjecture she had been in personal danger, and therefore besought him to protect her.

“I will, my poor girl,—I will.”

“God bless you, sir! you won't lave me alone?”

“Certainly not; calm yourself.”

“Are they gone?” said she, looking wildly up the glen.

Mr. Dixon thought she might have been frightened by the hounds, as the squire had supposed; and as she looked in the direction they had taken, he said, “Yes, the dogs are all gone.”

“Oh, it's not thim; sure, they were the sal-

vation o' me: only for the hunt, I was lost—lost for ever !”

The magistrate by degrees learnt the cause of her alarm, and asked her name. When she told him, he said he supposed that Rory O'More was her brother.

“ Brother !” said she wildly — “ Oh, I've no brother now !” and relapsed into tears.

“ How do you know ?” said Mr. Dixon.

“ Oh, I'm afeard they've murdered him ! they confessed it a'most before me.”

This led to further questions on the magistrate's part; and Mary at length told all the particulars of what she had witnessed between Shan Dhu and the tinker.

When she was sufficiently recovered to walk, Mr. Dixon accompanied her from the glen to the village, and there Mary got a friend to escort her to her home; for even on the open road she feared to be alone, so shaken had her nerves become by the terrible scene she had gone through.

Mr. Dixon determined on having Mary's

depositions taken and sworn to in regular judicial form, and for that purpose rode over next day, with the squire and Sweeny, to the widow's cottage.

On leaving the house, Sweeny suggested that this story of Mary's might be all a stragem to divert the suspicion which attached to Rory, on the subject of the collector's disappearance, into another channel. Mr. Dixon said she had done more than divert suspicion, for that she had named the guilty parties.

"But how can you tell she speaks truth?" said the spiteful little attorney, whose hatred of Rory for the tombstone affair was so bitter, that all of his name were sharers in it.

"We must have Regan and the tinker arrested," said Mr. Dixon.

"If you can find them," said Sweeny.

"Well, if they keep out of the way, it will be strong presumptive evidence of their guilt."

"Ah! You're not *up to them* as well as I am: they may be *all* in the plot for what you know."

“ They ’re a pack of rebels altogether,” said the squire ; “ and until the country is cleared of them, we shall have no peace.”

“ You ’re right, squire,” said Sweeny.

“ Well, I have not quite so bad an opinion of them,” replied Mr. Dixon ; “ nor do I think the girl’s story a mere fiction. We must have Regan and the tinker arrested as the next step.”

The proper authorities were despatched for this purpose to Regan’s house ; but they found him not, and for many days a useless search was prosecuted. As for Solomon, he had no home where to seek him, and the officers had therefore a roving commission to lay hands on him as they might : but he eluded their vigilance ; and no one interested in their apprehension could catch the smallest clew to the finding of Shan Dhu and the tinker.

The priest suggested a visit to the lonely hut where he had seen Solomon in his sickness, and a party undertook the search imme-

diately ; but the hut was deserted. Traces, however, of the recent visit of man were manifest : the fresh peelings of some boiled potatoes were strewn upon the floor, and the yet-warm embers of a turf fire were in the corner of the hovel.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH RORY MAKES HIS FIRST TRIP TO SEA A VOYAGE
OF DISCOVERY.

IT was in a low and retired fishing-hut De Lacy was housed the evening he reached the sea-coast, there to await the arrival of the lugger off the shore. He felt lonely on his removal from those with whom he had been lately sojourning, and to whom he had in a manner become attached, and the efforts the inmates of the fishing-hut made to entertain him were unavailing; so he retired to rest earlier than usual, wishing to indulge the thoughts in solitude which the presence of others interrupted without dissipating.

When on his bed, the influence of rest induced a pleasant state of mind; and leaving

the remembrance of those he had parted from, Hope led him onwards to the shores of France, where he trusted soon to land in safety, and gather the materials for a victorious return to his friends and country. Of Adèle, too, he thought, and Love whispered the joys of again beholding and clasping to his heart the girl of his affections. It was with such pleasing promise on his imagination that he closed his eyes; and the downy wing of slumber, waving over his senses, fanned this spark of hopefulness into flame, and all night long he dreamt of his Adèle, — of their joyful meeting, — of her blushes and her smiles, — of her enthusiasm at the prospect of his name yet living amongst the bright ones that should be dear to his country, — of their anticipation of future pleasures on the war being past—when the warrior should subside into the husband, and Love bind the garland of victory on his brow! Oh, youth! youth!—how dost thou teem with golden visions, — while the dreamy impressions of age are but cast in lead!

De Lacy arose from his slumbers as though he had fed on ambrosia overnight—with that elastic feeling of existence which belongs to the hopeful lover. Influenced through the whole day by his dreamy intoxication, he revelled in alternate visions of glory and of love. As he roved along the strand, if he turned to watch the changeful effects of the sea, he looked upon the noble ocean stretched before him as the high-road to his glorious aspirations; and Hope seemed to beckon him across the deep; while, as the surge thundered at his feet, and was swept backwards in foam to the main, he heard the voice of victory in the sound, calling him to enterprise. If he looked upward, and beheld the seaward clouds sailing towards the land of his Adèle, his musing was in a softer mood; and as some touch of sunshine tipped their delicate forms, it was recognised by his heart as a good omen. He was all excitement, and while he fed on such sweet fancies he drew forth his pencil to play with the pleasant thoughts as they arose; and soon imagination bore him beyond the world in





which he breathed. The roar of the booming sea was lost in the silver sounds of fairy fountains; the whistle of the brisk wind sweeping across the waves, to which his blood danced as he mused, was unheard amid the whisper of the breeze through rustling groves; and the rough shingle of the shore whereon he walked, felt under the foot of the enthusiast like the golden sands of the classic fountain.—He was in the land of dreams.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

There is a land where Fancy's twining
Her flowers around life's fading tree,—
Where light is ever softly shining,
Like sunset o'er a tranquil sea.
'Tis there thou dwell'st in beauty's brightness,
More fair than aught on earth e'er seems;
'Tis there my heart feels most of lightness,—
There, in the lovely land of dreams!

'Tis there in groves I often meet thee,
And wander through the sylvan shade,
While I in gentlest accents greet thee,
My own, my sweet, my constant maid!
There, by some fountain fair reposing,
Where all around so tranquil seems,
We wait the golden evening's closing,—
There, in the lovely land of dreams!

But when the touch of earthly waking
Hath broken slumber's sweetest spell,
Those fabled joys of Fancy's making
Are in my heart remember'd well !
The day, in all its sunshine splendour,
Less fair to me than midnight seems,
When visions shed a light more tender
Around the lovely land of dreams !

But while De Lacy was indulging his poetic mood, inhaling the fresh breeze and treading the open strand, poor Rory was lying captive not many miles distant, confined in a close hovel, almost smothered with smoke, and revolving far other notions in his busy brain. So closely were he and the Collector watched, that it was impossible to make an attempt at escape ; and Rory, from the character of the fellows who had undertaken the business, looked upon any plan for deliverance within his power to execute as hopeless : they were all up to everything in the way of finesse and expedient ; and however he might overreach a booby ensign, a chuckle-headed sergeant, or an amorous colonel, a party of smugglers were as much masters of fence as he was himself ; there-

fore he felt there was nothing left but to meet with fortitude whatever fate awaited him. At the same time, however, he cast many an anxious thought homewards; and the uneasiness he knew his mother and sister would suffer at his absence caused him more anxiety than any other consideration. When the day was over, —and to Rory it seemed the longest he had ever passed,—another removal of the prisoners took place, and under cover of darkness they were conducted to the sea-coast, and put on board a small fishing-boat that lay at anchor a short way from the shore: they were stowed away in the fore part of the boat, and Rory could hear them making preparations for putting to sea. In vain did he inquire what they were going to do with him; he could not get any answer to his questions, and was desired to “howld his whisht!”

In the mean time De Welskein had gone forward to the fishing-hut where De Lacy was remaining, and told him to be in readiness to put to sea that night.

"Is the lugger on the coast, then?" said De Lacy.

"No, monsieur; we shall find her some leagues to sea. She keeps a good offing; but the smack will run us out to meet her."

When the night fell, De Lacy was summoned to go aboard, and getting into the punt of the fishing-boat, was rowed alongside, in company with De Welskein.

The punt was hauled up, the sails hoisted, and away bore the smack for the ocean.

Poor Rory soon got wretchedly sea-sick; and never having heard of the nature of that most distressing of all sensations, thought he was going to die, and lamented, in the lapses of his paroxysms of nausea, that he was doomed to suffer so miserable a death. "Oh, if they 'd shoot me itself, or dhrown'd me at wanst!—but to have a man turned inside out this way, like a—ow!—murdher! my heart 'ill be up next!"

De Welskein lay his course all night towards the point where he expected to find his lugger, and as the morning dawned she was perceptible: signals were exchanged, the two vessels

approached each other, and a boat being lowered from the lugger, De Welskein and De Lacy went aboard.

De Lacy had been on the deck of the fishing-smack all night, wrapped in his cloak, for the mingled stench of fish, tobacco, and bilgewater, rendered the little crib, they called cabin, intolerable. When he went up the side of the smuggler, De Welskein said he must want rest after so long and cold a watch, and recommended him to turn in. De Lacy declined doing so immediately, but as De Welskein wanted to make a transfer of the prisoners from the fishing-smack without De Lacy's knowledge, he assumed a sort of laughing consequence as captain of his own vessel, declared he was absolute there, and insisted on De Lacy's going to rest, offering him his own berth for the purpose. The moment De Lacy was below, Rory and Scrubbs were brought on board the lugger, which put on every stitch of canvass she could carry, and stretched away at a spanking rate for France.

But, sick as poor Rory was, his senses were sufficiently about him to observe that they were removed to a larger vessel; and as he passed along the deck, he heard the voice of De Wel-skein: this was enough for Rory's enlightenment, and he became certain that De Lacy must be on board. When conducted with Scrubbs below, and placed there in confinement, the excitement produced by this last discovery made him rally against the sea-sickness more than he had hitherto done, and in the intervals of the malady his head was at work in planning by what means he could let De Lacy know he was in the same ship. "Roaring is no use," thought he "for they make sitch a hullabaloo here, that one might roar their heart out and never be heerd: for there is such thump-in' and bumpin', and crashin' and squashin', and rumblin' and tumblin', and first up on one side and then down on th' other, that I don't wonder they are roarin' and bawlin' up there, on the roof over us." (The roof was the name Rory gave the deck, because it was over his head.)

“By gor! I wondher how they howld on there at all! for here, even in this room,—and indeed there’s but little room in it,—it’s as much as I can do to keep my brains from bein’ knocked out agin th’ other side o’ the wall sometimes: and how the dickins can thim chaps keep from bein’ thrown off the roof and dhrownded!—only, as I said of thim before, thim that’s born to be hanged—” Here Rory’s thoughts were cut short by getting a jerk to the opposite side of his prison and having another qualm of his new malady. The wind had changed, and becoming adverse, De Welskein was obliged to go about very often; and this produced so much delay, that their course, which they were likely to run in twenty-four hours had the wind held as it promised in the morning, was not completed under two days.

At the close of the first day, the prisoners were visited by a black, who, by order of De Welskein, brought them something to eat: but the sight of food only produced loathing.

“Ou be berry sick now, eh?”

"Oh, I'm kilt!"

"Take um lilly bit;—do um good."

"Oh, take it out o' that, for God's sake!"

"Berry nice;—um nice an' fat."

The name of fat was enough, and poor Rory was set off again.

The negro laughed, as all sailors do at the suffering of a novice to the motion of a ship; and having had his joke, he did not offer any more fat, but suggested to Rory to take some brandy.

"Berry good for sea-sick."

"Oh! let me die where I am, and don't taze me!" said Rory.

"Nebber be sitch dam fool! Brandy berry good;—best ting um can take for sea-sick. Come, come, poor lan'-lubber! open im mout. Dere, ou dam fool!—brandy berry good."

The drop of spirit Rory swallowed did him service; and the black, who was a good-natured fellow, before he left the prisoners, gave them both some brandy-and-water; and the dry and parching sensation which poor Rory expe-

rienced, as well as his exhaustion, was much relieved by the negro's recipe.

After some hours the negro came again ; and though Rory could not eat, he took some more of the diluted spirit ; and that night he experienced some sleep, after having had another talk with blackee.

The next morning, when Rory's sable friend made his appearance offering some breakfast, the course of the vessel was far smoother than it had hitherto been, and Rory was better able to listen to the proposal of eating.

"Try lilly bit, man," said the black.

"I'm afeard a'most," said Rory.

"Nebber be 'fraid : ou not sick dis day, like oder day ; him cheek not so white, him eye not so like dead fish.—Try bit, man ;—berry good. Me know 'tis good—me make it myself."

"Why, thin, God bless you ! did you make it on purpose for me ?" said Rory.

The negro grinned. "No, no,—me not so good to lan'-lubber as dat ! Me cook."

"Well, I'm obleeged to you, anyhow. And

would you tell me, sir, if you plaze, is Mither De Lacy well?"

This was Rory's first thrust at his object.

"Massa Lacy—him gen'lman dat come wid cap'n aboord?"

"Yis, sir."

"Oh, him berry well now ;—lilly sick first ; but now smood water—near de bay now. Me go give him and de cap'n sometin' for brekf's soon.—Take nudder lilly bit, man."

"No, thank you, sir," said Rory. "And is it you that is goin' to take the captain and Mr. De Lacy the brequest?"

"Iss. Me wait on um ;—me de cook, —black man always cook."

"The devil sends cooks," thought Rory, and he could not help smiling at the thought.

"What um laugh at?"

"Why, I was laughin' to think how quare it is that one may find a friend where they laste expect it, and in the gratest sthranger. Give us a dhrop o' brandy, if you plaze."

"Dere, man ;—make um better."

“ That ’s a grate relief to me ! ” said Rory.—
“ But, as I was sayin’, how a man may meet a friend in the gratest sthranger ! You ’ve been mighty good to me ; and I tell you what it is, I ’m behowlden to you and obligated to you, and I ’m grateful to you ; and you must take a present from me, to show you how sinsible I am of your tindherness, for——”

Here there was a call for “ *Scipion*.”

“ Massa Cap’n call me,” said Scipio.

“ Well, give me your fist before you go,” said Rory, who, when he caught the negro’s hand said, “ Gi’ me these sleeve-buttons o’ yours and I ’ll give you mine, and it ’ll be a keepsake between us ; ” and with the words he unfastened the button from the negro’s wrist, and inserting in its place one of the sleeve-buttons De Lacy gave him, the negro ran off hastily to a second and louder summons from the deck.

“ Now,” said Rory, “ if Mr. De Lacy has the luck to remark the sleeve-button in the blackey’s shirt, all ’s right yet.”

The negro was ordered to bring De Welskein

his breakfast, and De Lacy was sufficiently recovered by their entering smooth water to join in the repast, and was sharp-set, as men always are the first time they are able to eat at sea. The negro set out the rough sea-fare to the best advantage ; and as he held a dish balanced in one hand on the edge of the table, while he removed some plates that were opposite to De Lacy to make room for it, De Lacy chanced to look at what sort of fare was coming, and his eye caught the sleeve-button, which he recognised as his own, and the same he had given as a parting gift to Rory.

“ Where did you get that ?” said De Lacy quickly.

“ What !” said De Welskein, with a penetrating glance of his dark eye, as he marked the hurried question of De Lacy.

De Lacy was put on his guard by the jealous quickness with which De Welskein noticed his words, and said, “ The beef — where did you get that fine beef ?”

“ Why, to bee sure, in Ireland : what ees to soorprise you so moshe ?”

“I thought you never had any but salted beef on board,” said De Lacy, who turned the conversation directly into another channel, and as soon as the meal was ended, went on the deck. There he saw they were within a short sail of land, and while they were approaching it, he mentally turned over the circumstance that had excited his notice, and was lost in conjecture as to the means by which the negro could have become possessed of the sleeve-button. *He* gave it to Rory, at a distance of many miles from the coast, two days before he embarked on board the lugger, which is found at sea many leagues; and there one of these buttons is in the possession of a black man aboard that lugger, and De Lacy did not remember the negro to be on board the fishing-smack.

There was a mystery in this; and any mystery on board De Welskein's boat respecting Rory, in whom he was known to have such confidence, awakened De Lacy's suspicions of some foul play to Rory. But while he was on board the craft of the smuggler, whom he knew to be

a wily and desperate fellow, he thought it advisable not to breathe a word nor exhibit a sign of his misgiving ; and so, having run all this over in his own mind, he walked up and down the deck with seeming unconcern, and spoke to the smuggler as if nothing had ruffled him.

As they doubled a small headland that shut in the bay they were entering, De Lacy saw a frigate lying in the harbour, and De Welskein said, “ There is *La Coquette*.”

“ Indeed !” said De Lacy.

“ Why does monsieur exclaim ?”

“ Because, if that be the *Coquette*, the captain is a friend of mine, and I will go aboard and see him.”

On nearing the ship, De Welskein’s notion was found to be correct — it was *La Coquette*. The lugger’s boat was lowered, and De Lacy went up the side of the frigate.

The captain was on board, and mutual kind greetings passed between the two friends. After De Lacy had given a hasty sketch of the state of affairs in Ireland, and the motive of his pre-

sent visit to France, he told the captain the suspicions he entertained that De Welskein had been playing a trick with a friend of his, and begged his assistance in setting matters right.

“Certainly; but how?”

“I suspect the fellow has secreted a man on board, and I want to ascertain the fact — and if so, to get him out of his power.”

“But why not order the rascal to give him up to you before?”

“*Monsieur le Capitaine* forgets, on the deck of his own ship, that I was only a passenger on board the smuggler’s boat; and *her* captain is a very desperate fellow when he chooses, — so I thought it preferable to say nothing until I could speak to some purpose. Now, under the guns of the *Coquette*, Monsieur De Welskein will be extremely polite when he knows her captain is my friend.”

“Oh ho! is that the sort of gentleman? — we’ll soon finish this affair.”

He ordered his boat to be manned directly, and entering it with De Lacy, they pulled into

the harbour, where the lugger had already dropped her anchor.

It was not long before De Lacy and the captain were on board the smuggler.

"De Welskein," said De Lacy, "I want to see Rory O'More."

"Rory O'More!" said De Welskein with well-feigned surprise: "Monsieur must go back to Ireland if he wants to see him."

"No, no, De Welskein, he's on board."

"You mistake, sir," said De Welskein: "what *can* make you entertain such a suspicion?"

"No matter what," said De Lacy, who did not wish to bring the black man into trouble for being accessory to the secret having escaped — "but I know he's here."

"'Pon my honour!" said De Welskein theatrically, and laying his hand on the place where his heart ought to have been.

"Search the boat!" said the captain sternly to a couple of his men who were on the deck beside him.

De Welskein took off his hat with a prodigious air to the captain, and said, "Monsieur should consider I am commander here."

The captain laughed at his swagger; but seeing that several desperate-looking fellows crowded round the hatches, as if to prevent the search the captain ordered,—for he had but half a dozen men with him, and the lugger was armed and powerfully manned,—he said in a decided tone to De Welskein, "You are under the guns of my frigate: give up the man you have concealed, or you shall be sunk like a nutshell!"

De Welskein saw there was nothing else for it, but told De Lacy he considered it not treating him with the respect *one gentleman owed another*, to interfere in such a manner with *his* affairs.

De Lacy could only laugh at his impertinence.

De Welskein fell back from his dignity upon his true resource — impudence and reviling — and swore he was very sorry he took De Lacy

out of Ireland, and saved his neck, and so cheated the gallows of its due. "But the next time you want me, you'll find me—if you can!" said De Welskein, strutting back to the stern of his boat, while Rory was walked up the fore-hatchway.

It would be impossible to describe the scene that followed, for Rory's wild delight at seeing De Lacy and finding himself out of De Welskein's power is past description. De Welskein stamped up and down one end of the deck, while Rory danced on the other. The French captain looked amazed when he remembered that De Lacy called this man his friend; and supposing that none except a gentleman could be De Lacy's friend, he turned to him and said, with the extreme of wonder in the tone of his voice, "Are all the Irish gentlemen like *him*?"

"I wish they were," said De Lacy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONTAINING MANY SAPIENT OBSERVATIONS ON FRENCHMEN
AND FRIGATES, ENGLISH SUBJECTS, FOREIGNERS, ETC.

WHEN the captain had sufficiently satisfied his wonder in looking at Rory's vagaries, he ordered a return to the frigate. With what delight did our hero jump into the boat of the *Coquette*!—though he lost his footing when he alighted there, and broke his shins as he stumbled over her thwarts. “Bad luck to him, for boats and ships!” said Rory; “a man ought to have the legs of a cat, to keep his feet in him.” One of the sailors caught hold of him, as he feared Rory would go overboard from the rocking he caused in the boat, and desired him to sit down.

“What’s that you say?” said Rory.

“ *Asseyez-vous.*”

“ You say what ?”

The sailor again spoke ; and Rory called out to De Lacy, who was coming over the side of the lugger “ Arrah, thin, will you tell me what this fellow is sthriving to say to me? for the divil a word he spakes I can make out ; and my heart ’s broke with my shins, that I cut over thim dirty little sates.”

“ He ’s bidding you sit down,” said De Lacy ;
“ and do so, or you may go overboard.”

“ Oh, that indeed !” said Rory, sitting down.
“ Sure, if he towld me that at wanst, I ’d ha’ done it : but he wint jabberin’ and mumblin’, that I couldn’t make him out.”

“ You forget he ’s a Frenchman,” said De Lacy.

“ That ’s thrue indeed, sir,” said Rory ;
“ and it ’s wondherful how hard it is for these furriners to make themselves undherstud.”

The boat was now pushed off ; and Rory looked up at De Welskein, who stood in an attitude of theatrical defiance frowning over

the quarter at the whole boat's crew. Rory took off his hat, and, with a mocking salutation to the smuggler, shouted out, "Good mornin' to you, Mr. Divilskin."

De Welskein wrapped himself up in the dignity of silence, and scowled after the barge, as she cleft the waters, and cast a silvery ripple behind her, in her course to the frigate, towards which the men pulled swiftly; and every bound she made to the strokes of the bargemen seemed to excite Rory's wonder, until he said to De Lacy, "What a lively craythur she is!—one 'ud think she was alive a'most, she jumps so sprightly!"

"Wait till you get on board the frigate, Rory," said De Lacy: "that 's what will surprise you."

"'Faith, I 've been surprised enough where I was, and I don't want any more o' the same. I thought I'd be turned inside out fairly; and I suppose, if I was so bad in a small ship like owld Divilskin's, that a big one would kill me intirely."

De Lacy assured him to the contrary, and as they approached the ship of war, pointed out to Rory her noble form and fine proportions, her graceful bows, her spreading yards and towering masts, and the beautiful and intricate tracery of her various cordage.—

“Is she not a beauty, Rory?”

“Divil a beauty I can see in her, nor in one like her!” said Rory; “for afther the tattherin’ and taarin’ I got comin’ over the say, I’ll never say a good word for a ship as long as I live,—and indeed that wouldn’t be long if I was to be on board; and I hope, Mr. De Lacy, it’s not goin’ you are to take up wid the sayfarin’ business.”

“No, no, Rory, — don’t be afraid: I’m only going to dine on board the frigate with my friend here, who is her captain, and at night we’ll go ashore.”

“On the land is it?—Oh, God be praised! but it’s I’ll be glad.”

“In the mean while, Rory, you will have

time to tell me how it came to pass that you were on board the lugger."

"Not with my own will, 'faith, I can tell you!"

"I thought as much: and was it De Welskein's doing?"

"Throth, I don't know, — it was among thim all;—but you see I had the misfortune to come across that dirty Scrubbs, and—"

"Stop, Rory," said De Lacy; "here we are at the ship's side—you must give me your story in full when we get aboard."

On reaching the deck of the frigate, Rory's wonder was immense: the height of her masts, the mazes of her rigging, her great size, and her rows of guns, were, successively, objects of wonder to him, and a tap on the shoulder from De Lacy was required to arouse him from his state of entrancement.

"Well, by gor! it *is* wondherful," said Rory: "I own it."

"You shall see all the wonders of a ship

of war by-and-by," said De Lacy ; " but for the present, follow me to the cabin, and tell me all the details of this strange adventure of yours which has carried you over seas."

Rory followed him below, and related, at length, the particulars of his meeting with Scrubbs—his becoming his guide, his freeing De Welskein and his party from the vault, and their capture of the Collector and himself.

" And is Scrubbs a prisoner on board the lugger ?"

" Snug," said Rory.

" And do you know why all this has been done ?"

" Not a one o' me knows a word about it more than I towld you."

" I am sorry all this has occurred—I'm afraid it may do mischief in Ireland ;—that such a rascal as the smuggler should dare to interfere in such matters !—'tis too bad :—I'm very, *very* sorry for this."

" So am I, 'faith," said Rory ; " and my heart's brakin' to think what the poor mother and

Mary will suffer, not knowin' one word about what 's become o' me !"

"This Collector being taken away will make a great noise," said De Lacy.

"Faix, he made a great noise himself when they wor takin' him away ! And what do you intind to do about him, sir ?"

"Nothing : it is not for him I care, but for the mischief his disappearance will produce. But, since they have taken him away, the matter is as bad as it can be, for his being restored would not mend the matter ; so they may do what they please with him. — But I want to consult with my friend here, Rory, about the bestway of providing for your removal on shore."

"Sure you wouldn't send me on shore, sir, without you were comin' too ! 'Faith, I'd rather stay at say with you, bad as it is, than be on land without you."

"I'm not going to make a separation between us Rory," said De Lacy : "but, remember that we are on the shores of France, and your

being a stranger, and particularly an English subject——”

“Is it *me* an English subject?”

“Yes,—are you not so?”

“By Jasus I’m not ! I’m an Irishman, glory be to God !”

“Well, you ’re a foreigner, at all events.”

“A furriner ! Is it *me* a furriner !—arrah, Misther DeLacy, what do you mane at all ? Sure you know I’m an Irishman, and no furriner.”

“You are a foreigner here.”

“Faith, I’m not ; it’s *thim* that’s furriners.”

“Well, you ’re a stranger, at least.”

“That I’ll own to.”

“Well, as a stranger in this country, it is necessary to contrive some means of protection for you.”

“Why, do you think I’m afeard ?—is it afeard of a parcel o’ little Frinchmin I’d be ?”

“Oh, they are not so little, Rory.”

“Well, big or little, I don’t value them a *thraneen*.”

“I know you ’re not afraid of any man, Rory :

but the protection of which I speak is regarding your legal safety,—for there are such things as laws, Rory.”

“Divil sweep thim for laws!—they ’re always givin’ people trouble, sir.”

“That cannot be helped, Rory. The Captain and I must consult on the management of this affair, and in the mean time I will put you into the hands of a person who will show you all the wonders of the ship; and as you have never been on board a man-of-war, it will amuse you.”

Rory, accordingly, was entrusted to a person whom the captain ordered to the cabin, and to whose care Rory was especially entrusted.

“You have no notion, Gustave,” said De Lacy to his friend when they were *tête-à-tête*, “what a fine fellow that is!—full of address, of courage, and fidelity, with a love of country and a devotion to its cause worthy of a hero; and yet he is but a simple Irish peasant.”

“And are they all like him?”

“He is a specimen of the best,” said De Lacy : “but, take them all in all, they are a very superior people. And yet the Helot of the Spartan was not a more degraded slave than the poor Irish peasant is made by his taskmasters :—worse than the Helot ; for he was a slave by the law of the land, and the law which was cruel enough to make him so was at least honest enough to avow it ; but the poor Irishman is mocked with the name of freeman—while the laws of the land are not the same for him as for his more favoured fellow-subjects.”

“That will soon be mended,” said the captain, “when the expedition is ready.”

“I am delighted to hear you say,” said De Lacy, “that there is some appearance of action going forward.”

“There is a good deal of bustle in the marine, at least,” said Gustave ; “and some of our best line-of-battle are fitting out in other ports, I understand.”

“Good !” said De Lacy. “I must hasten to Paris, to lay before the Directory my report of

the state of Ireland, as well as for some more tender affairs than armaments and invasions."

"Ha, ha! *Pour les beaux yeux de Mademoiselle.*"

"Certainly."

"Nothing like it!" said Gustave: "love and war for ever!"

"A charming creature, Gustave! Do you remember Adèle Verbigny?"

"Adèle Verbigny?" said the officer, repeating the name in a tone that was not pleasing to De Lacy.

"Why do you echo the name so?" asked the lover.

"Merely from surprise," said the captain — "for I did not know you were tender in that quarter."

De Lacy said no more on the subject of his love, for there was something in the manner of his friend when he spoke of it that he liked not, — too slight, for words to define, but which the delicate perceptions of the lover are ever alive to as gunpowder to the spark. In-

stead therefore of pursuing the tender topic, De Lacy consulted with the naval officer the best means of securing Rory's safety when he should go ashore. "If he were near my own regiment," said De Lacy, "I could manage it well enough, by enrolling him in it: but as it is —"

"Leave that to me," said the sailor: "if *you're* not with your regiment, *I'm* on board my ship, and can arrange the matter for you."

"I can't let him remain here, *mon ami*— thanks to you for your offer of protection, but I know it would grieve him to be parted from me."

"I don't mean him to be separated from his friend," said the captain. "He shall have a sailor's dress, and a discharge from my ship as if he had been one of the crew; and that will be protection sufficient."

"Good," said De Lacy; "nothing can be better." And the captain gave orders for a suit of sailor's clothing to be provided for Rory.

He in the mean time was being conducted over the ship by the captain's appointed guide, who spoke some half-dozen words of English,

which he made go as far as he could with Rory ; but that was not half far enough, for the inquisitive spirit which prompted his numerous questions was an overmatch for the English of his *cicerone*. Whenever Rory could not get an answer from him, he asked any one else who was near him ; and the strange position in which he found himself, for the first time in his life, amongst his own species, yet without means of communing with them, *bothered* Rory excessively : when he found English fail, he tried Irish, which was equally unsuccessful ; but still Rory did not give up the point — when English and Irish failed, he employed signs, and he and the Frenchmen became mutually pleased with each other's expertness in pantomime.

On Rory's return to the cabin, De Lacy questioned him as to his tour round the ship, with which Rory declared himself to be much delighted.

“ Did you ever see anything like it before, Rory ? ”

“ Nothin', sir — barrin' a bee-hive.”

“ How the deuce can you liken a frigate to a bee-hive ?”

“ Bekaze every corner of it is made use of, and there's sitch a power o' *people* in it, and everybody busy.”

“ Well done, Rory ! you 've made out your simile, and you might carry it still farther : they can sting sometimes, and are often killed by the burning of brimstone.”

“ 'Faith, an' you 're right enough, sir, about the Frinchmin not bein' sitch little chaps as I thought they wor.”

“ You have seen some good stout fellows on board this ship, then ?”

“ 'Pon my conscience, very dacent boys ; and the captain, there, is not an ill-lookin' man at all.”

“ What does he say of me ?” asked the commander, who perceived by Rory's expression of eye that he alluded to him.

De Lacy repeated to him exactly Rory's speech, and the captain enjoyed it extremely.

“Then the French,” continued De Lacy, “are not exactly what you conceived them to be, Rory?”

“No, in throth: I always thought, and I dunna why, but I always *did* think, that Frinch-min was dirty, starved ottomies—poor little yollow go-the-grounds, not the half of a man, but a sort of a *spidhogue*.”

“And what’s a *spidhogue*, Rory?”

“Why, I can’t well explain to you: only, whenever one comes across a poor ill-begotten starved spidher of a craythur, we call him a *spidhogue*.”

The captain was much amused on hearing of Rory’s preconceived notions of Frenchmen, and his surprise at seeing them other than he thought them; and he requested De Lacy to interpret to him the most of his colloquy with the Irishman.

The day was passed pleasantly enough to all parties on board the frigate; and towards evening, De Lacy, accompanied by Rory attired in a sailor’s dress, was rowed ashore, where the

shelter of a quiet inn was sought for the night, and the next morning De Lacy obtaining passports for himself and Rory, set out for Paris.

Rory's thousand and one strange observations as they proceeded often raised a smile on the lip of De Lacy, who, nevertheless, fell into trains of musing as he drew nearer to his Adèle and conjured up anticipations of their meeting. But, mingling in all these dreams, was the remembrance of the voice of his friend Gustave as he spoke of her; the tone in which he echoed the name of Adèle dwelt upon his fancy and seemed of evil omen: it was the hoot of the owl from the turret of his hopes.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CUPID IN PARIS.

ROCHEFOUCAULD lays it down in his Maxims, that—

“ON GARDE LONG-TEMPS SON PREMIER AMANT QUAND
ON N'EN PREND PAS UN SECOND.”

Which may be thus *freely* translated :

Your first love most precious is reckon'd
Until you have taken a second.

And the same thing might be said of a glass of claret; the best judges of that cool and gentlemanly beverage declaring you cannot get the taste of it under half-a-dozen. Whether the comparison holds between fits of love and glasses of claret as far as the half-dozen, I leave to persons more conversant with the subject and better able to decide.

The keen and sarcastic Rochefoucauld wrote

maxims of which the world has taken great pains to prove the truth. Whether Adèle Verbigny was profound in the “moral reflections” of the witty Duke, is little matter; but if she were *not*, then with her, intuition superseded study.

When Horace De Lacy left Paris for Ireland, pretty little Adèle thought of him a good deal for some time after, and even engaged on a piece of elaborate needlework to enscroll his name; which work, I believe, was then called “tambour:” perhaps I am wrong,—but, at all events, *tambour*-work would have been very appropriate in any complimentary tribute to a soldier’s name. But, whatever it was called, the work was begun; and Adèle used to sit for hours and hours together, surrounded with long skeins of silk of all manner of colours, and beads of all manner of sizes, and gold thread, and Lord knows what else besides; and there was a certain laurel wreath to encompass a scroll of the three letters she valued most in the whole alphabet, namely, H. D. L. — they

were the initial letters of her hero's name : and, with a nice little bit of French and female ingenuity, she contemplated the interweaving of smaller letters after each initial, to express, as it were, the attributes of her lover ; so that the work when finished, would give to those who would be at the trouble of hunting the involved sentence through all its twistings and twinings these words :

HONNEUR. DEVOTION. L'AMOUR.

She was enchanted at the thought, and worked very industriously for three weeks ; but as she got on at the rate of about half a laurel-leaf a day, there was a good chance that a real tree might be grown in the time it would take to make the needlework chaplet. Nevertheless, on she went, and though the canvass in the centre of her design was vacant, her imagination filled up the space in the most beautiful colours, and twistings, and curvetings, that needle or fancy had ever worked or conceived, and she looked forward to the pleasure of interlacing H. D. L. in some months, and having the

work ready to exhibit to her lover on his return. As she worked her web, she thought of Penelope and Ulysses: but, alas! She and De Lacy were not married *yet*; and moreover, there were no lovers to come and tease her from her fidelity. Now, although the first part of the comparison did not exist between her and Horace, the second part might; and Adèle was such a classic creature, that she almost wished to have the temptation of a lover, that she might enjoy the triumph of fidelity.

It was too charming a thought not to be put into execution, and Adèle got herself up in the character of Penelope.

Amongst those who indulged her in her classic whim, was one who was a great admirer of tambour-work; and moreover, he could thread her needles admirably: this saved Adèle time, and drew her nearer to the delightful period when she might commence the initial scroll of H. D. L. Then he sang very pretty *chansonnettes*; and they were so lively, that Adèle's pretty little fingers moved more mer-

rily to the measure and facilitated her work prodigiously. They got on famously. Adèle could not be so ungenerous as not to give a song sometimes in return : but hers were always in the tender line, as they ought to have been, because Horace was away ; there was no unbecoming levity about them — something in the simple and tender style of

“ Oiseaux, tendre Zéphire,
Voulez-vous bien me dire
La cause de mes soupirs ?”

—to say nothing of the politeness of “ *Voulez-vous bien*” to the birds.

Well, Hippolyte Délier—for that was the name of the needle-threader—thought the tender songs of Adèle far more beautiful than his lively *chansonnettes*, and so he took to the *oiseaux* and *tendre Zéphire* style, and Adèle declared

“ She liked him still better in that than his own.”

And a thought occurred to them then, which they both were surprised did not occur to them sooner ; which was, that their voices

would go so well *together*: and so they took to singing duets — and very nicely they did them.

All this time the embroidery went on, and one day the threads got entangled underneath the work, and Hippolyte was asked for a helping hand to assist in disengaging them; and in doing so, their hands came in contact under the frame very often, and Adèle never remarked before what a very soft, nice hand Hippolyte possessed; and, somehow or other, the work was in such terrible entanglement, that their hands went on poking and pulling for some minutes without the extrication of either the threads or their fingers, till at last Hippolyte fairly caught hold of Adèle's hand and gave it a tender pressure *under* the frame, while his eyes met hers *over* it. And very pretty eyes Hippolyte had,— and indeed so had Adèle, to do her justice; and, with a look of the sweetest reproof, she said, "*Fi, donc!*" But it was singular, from that day forth, how provokingly frequent the entanglement of threads became, and how often Hip-

polyte was called on to assist in disengaging them.

What could come of poor De Lacy having such a *helping hand* given to his piece of embroidery? Why, that Adèle found there was not room for three letters in the centre of her laurel-wreath; and so, instead of H. D. L., she could only entwine H. D. How singular! they were the initials of *Hippolyte Délier*!

They could not help remarking the coincidence, and the singularity too of his name, *Déliér*, and he so clever in unloosing entanglements. “*Helas!*” said Adèle sentimentally, “you have untied more than threads,” as Hippolyte knelt before her and declared himself her adorer.

Madame Verbigny was of the same opinion as her daughter in the business; for Hippolyte was on the spot, and De Lacy was absent:

“*Les absens ont toujours tort.*”

Besides, De Lacy might be killed, and Adèle lose a match in refusing Hippolyte, who, as far as matches were concerned in another point of

view, was a better one than De Lacy, for he had a strong friend in the Directory, and was looking forward to promotion beyond his present position, which was, even at the moment, one more advantageous than that of a captain of grenadiers.

So Hippolyte was received as a declared lover, and was sitting with the faithful Adèle a few days before their marriage, when, to Adèle's unutterable surprise, the door of the chamber opened, and De Lacy rushed towards her with extended arms.

Adèle screamed and fainted, and the two gentlemen did all gentlemen could do to restore her. While in her state of insensibility (feigned or real), the bearing of Hippolyte was such as to make De Lacy wish he would not take so much trouble; and the sound of his friend Gustave's voice crossed his memory like an echo from the nether world.

The first object that met Adèle's opening eyes, was De Lacy kneeling beside her.

"Adèle—my own Adèle!" said the soldier.

"How altered you are!" said Adèle, looking coldly on his face.

"Altered!" echoed De Lacy. "Good Heaven! Adèle, are *you* altered?"

"What a fright the smallpox has made of you!" said the Parisian.

De Lacy felt as though a bolt of ice had been shot through him, and gazing upon the woman he adored, with a look that might have made the most callous feel, he was about to speak; but he had only uttered her name, when Adèle thought the safest game to play was another faint, and screaming as gracefully as she could, she dropped off again into speechlessness. Her mother came to the rescue, and declared the poor child's feelings would be the death of her sometime or other.

"Monsieur," said she to Hippolyte, "be so good as to take care of her a few minutes, while I speak to this gentleman:" and she beckoned De Lacy from the room.

What their conversation was, it is needless to record; but Rory O'More remarked on De

Lacy's return to the hotel, that his aspect betrayed deep dejection ; while mingling with the sadness, traces of fierce determination were visible. The eye was clouded and the cheek was pale ; but the knitted brow and compressed lips betokened a spirit brooding over more than melancholy thoughts.

Rory could not repress his anxiety, and when De Lacy had closed the door of his chamber, asked him what was the matter.

De Lacy drew his hand across his forehead, and paced up and down the room.

" I hope there 's nothin' found out, sir ?" said Rory.

" Found out !" said De Lacy. " Yes, Rory, I have found out something !" and he shook his head sorrowfully.

" Tare an' ouns ! I hope they 're not angry wid you for bringin' me up here ? Sure, if they wor, I'd quit this minit'.

" No, Rory, no. Ask me no more now : 'tis only some private grievance of my own."

" Bad luck to thim for fretting you, and you

comin' all this way to see thim ! And won't they come over to help us, afther all ?”

“ You ’ll know more to-morrow, Rory : leave me for to-night. Be stirring early to-morrow morning, for I shall want you.”

Rory left the room puzzled and unsatisfied.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SHOWING HOW NEW ENEMIES ARISE OUT OF OLD LOVES.

THE last chapter began with a maxim ; and for fear one chapter should be jealous of another, this shall be headed with a maxim also :—

WHEN A GENTLEMAN IS ROBBED OF HIS HEART'S TREASURE, THE LEAST AND ALSO THE GREATEST SATISFACTION HE CAN ENJOY, IS TO HAVE A SHOT AT THE FELLOW WHO ROBS HIM.

And that is as good a maxim as ever Rochefoucauld wrote.

Now De Lacy could not have a shot at Hippolyte, because pistols were not the fashion in Paris in those days for the settling of such affairs ; but he might run him through the body with steel instead of lead : and this difference in the exchange of the metallic currency

in honourable commerce makes no difference in the satisfaction which gentlemen either give or take in such transactions.

On leaving the house of his false fair one, De Lacy proceeded to find a friend to whom he might entrust the business of inviting Monsieur Hippolyte Délier to take a morning walk in the environs of the *Place Louis Quinze*; and there was little difficulty in the search, for chance threw in his way a brother officer who undertook the duty with alacrity. The meeting was arranged, and the next morning De Lacy's friend called upon him in his way to the place of rendezvous.

"Why have you this strange-looking sailor in attendance on you?" said Captain Sangchaud as he looked at Rory in wonder when they turned into the street.

De Lacy explained to his friend who Rory was, and why he bore the habit of a sailor. "And my object in making him accompany us is, that in case I should fall, I enjoin you, Sangchaud, by our companionship in arms, to

take care of him ; and if you cannot get him back to Ireland, have him with you in your own regiment, — and a finer fellow you have never known in your experience.”

On getting a view of the Tuileries, Rory, who did not interrupt the conversation hitherto, could not resist asking De Lacy what was the name of the building.

“ I beg your pardon, Misther De Lacy, but whose house is that ? ”

“ That was the king’s house, Rory,—and called the Tuileries : it was a palace.”

“ A palace, is it, sir ? Dear me ! what a pity they stinted it ! ”

“ Stinted, Rory ? Why, I think ’tis large enough.”

“ Yes, it ’s mighty big, but, sure, one ’ud think a palace would be stinted in nothing.”

“ And in what do you think it stinted ? ”

“ Bekaze, sir, it looks like as if there was a scarcity o’ stone when they built it, and a grate plenty o’ wood and slates ; for it ’s mostly roof and windows.”

“Come on !” said Sangchaud : “we must be first on the ground.”

On reaching the appointed place, he drew a pair of swords from a case which he had carried under his arm ; and on seeing them, Rory opened his eyes very wide, and touching De Lacy on the elbow, he said, “Tare an ’ouns ! sir, what are you goin’ to do ?”

“To fight a duel, Rory.”

“A jewel is it !—to fight a jewel ! and you walkin’ as good friends with the man the minit before ! Oh, my God !”

De Lacy could not forbear a smile at Rory’s idea that it was with his second he was going to fight, and explained the matter to him.

“Well, it was no wondher I thought so, anyhow, when I did not see any one else for you to fight with. And what are you goin’ to fight for, sir, if I might be so bowld to ax ?”

“I cannot tell you now, Rory ;—but I have brought you with me to put you under the care of my friend here, Captain Sangchaud,

who will look to you in case anything happens to me."

"God forbid hurt or harm would come to you, Misther De Lacy!—And to think o' me, too, when your own life 's in danger! Oh, God, bless you—God bless you!—you've the kind heart and the good heart, and the divil a fear o' you in the fight, for the angels will watch over *you*, that thought of watchin' over *me* in the strange place."

De Lacy turned aside to hide the glistening of his eye at the poor fellow's thought.

"Feel this," said Sangchaud, handing him one of the swords. "Do you like it?"

"Yes," said De Lacy, "this will do—it is well balanced: the blade is a little more bent than I like."

"All the better in giving tierce over the arm," said Sangchaud.

"I know 'tis so considered by your most accomplished swordsmen; but I would rather have this," said De Lacy, handling the other sword and looking along the blade.

They are both very good tools,—but this for me.”

“You’re wrong,” said Sangchaud. “You fight at a disadvantage with it, in comparison to that which I hold. However, you’ll soon be able to judge for yourself of the one you’ve got, for I see our men are coming. Will you have the blade I recommend?—do.”

“No,” said De Lacy: “this is handier to me.”

“Well, as you like; but the other is far the more killing of the two.”

Hippolyte and his friend were soon on the ground, and no time was lost in the parties engaging. Rory was on the alert all the time, watching every thrust and parry, and making exclamations as the various vicissitudes of the combat suggested. Many a “whoo!” and “hurroo!” he uttered whenever he fancied his friend’s adversary gave way; and at length, when he saw him manifestly stagger before a lunge from his foe, he shouted, “By the powers, you’re into him!”

Délier had received a smart wound in the sword arm, which rendered further fighting impossible ; and De Lacy and his second, making a formal salute to the discomfited party, left the ground.

“ Long life to you, sir !” said Rory : “ sure, I knew you ’d get no hurt ; but, indeed, while you wor poking at each other with them dirty little bits o’ swords, I was wishin’ it was a taste o’ blackthorn you had in your fist ; for there’s more dipindince in it than in one o’ them little skivers.”

“ What ! wood against steel, Rory !”

“ Ay, indeed.—I ’d never ask to ate another bit, if I wouldn’t give a fellow with one o’ them toasting-forks as fine a lickin’ as ever he got, if I had a choice bit o’ timber about me.”

Sangchaud all this time was tying up his swords ; and when he had done so, he tucked them under his arm in a very business-like manner, but did not seem half satisfied.

“ You ’ve but a poor opinion of my swordsmanship, I see, Sangchaud,” said De Lacy.

"No," answered the captain. "You made some very pretty passes and parries; but I wish your adversary had taken a little more away with him."

"He has only got a flesh wound, 'tis true," said De Lacy.

"Yes," said his friend, "and that's all because you wouldn't fight with the blade I recommended. You put in your thrust very well; but that blade you chose is the least thought too straight: if it had been the other, you'd have been under his ribs."

"Perhaps 'tis better as it is," said De Lacy: "I have escaped having a death to answer for."

"Well, let us go to breakfast now," said Sangchaud. "Nothing gives a man a better appetite than a little morning exercise of this description."

CHAPTER XXXV.

SHOWING HOW USEFUL OLD LOVE-LETTERS ARE IN COLD WEATHER.

ON returning to his lodgings De Lacy found a parcel directed to him lying on his table: on breaking the seal he perceived the contents consisted of his letters to Adèle, under convoy of a note from her mother. That philosophic individual wrote as follows:—

“ Our affections are not our own. —— ”

“ No, indeed,” thought De Lacy ;—“ they are anybody’s who asks you for them.”

“ My child has been influenced by the destinies which rule the affairs of the heart. —— ”

“ When people behave so ill as to have no other excuse, they always lay the blame on destiny,” continued the lover.

“ Sentiment to a woman, is what honour is to a man : without it life would be worthless.

*Permit me to assure you
of the highest consideration of
C. Verbigny.*

“ What folly and falsehood !” exclaimed De Lacy, as he crushed the scroll in his feverish hand, and flung it from him. He then sat down, and looked with mingled sorrow and humiliation on the pile of papers which lay before him. There is not perhaps anything in this world produces a more painful feeling than to contemplate the evidences of our former affection returned to us in the moment of indifference : Cupid does not like to eat his words, any more than another gentleman. And in De Lacy’s case it was the more galling, for he still clung dearly to the memory of his love though he loved no more. To dissever the ties that hold the heart, leaves a pang behind long after the blow has fallen ; for with one’s feelings as with one’s nerves, a morbid action exists after

amputation. When a mutual mouldering of affection has taken place, and such tender mementos as love-letters are returned, then, after the first gulp you make to swallow your annoyance or your shame, you can throw them into the fire to feed other flames than those they were intended for ; but where only one party is untrue, how bitter are the records of unrequited affection !

Letter after letter De Lacy turned over — and sometimes, as a peculiar phrase, or place named met his eye, the time and the circumstances connected with them would arise, and his young heart had the bitter experience to see fancy's fond creations crumble before the withering touch of reality. And amongst these papers were some poems. One in particular caught his eye : it was a metrical trifle he had done in some of his first hours of courtship, when, in the light badinage that is employed in the earlier skirmishes between beaux and belles, Adèle answered a charge of De Lacy's that she was fickle, by her telling him that he was *volage*.

“Do you not know,” said she, “what the weathercock said to the wind? *Si vous ne changez pas, je suis constante.*”

De Lacy was pleased with the conceit, and presented her with a song derived from the subject; and there it lay before him, the evidence of his first hours of love, surviving the passion whence it sprang.

THE WIND AND THE WEATHERCOCK.

The summer wind lightly was playing
Round the battlement high of the tow'r,
Where a vane, like a lady, was staying,—
A lady vane perch'd in her bow'r.
To peep round the corner the sly wind would try :
But vanes, you know, never look in the wind's eye ;
And so she kept turning shyly away :—
Thus they kept playing all through the day.

The summer wind said, “She's coquetting ;
But each belle has her points to be found :
Before evening, I'll venture on betting,
She will not then *go*, but *come round*.”
So he tried from the east, and he tried from the west,
And the north and the south, to try which was best ;
But still she kept turning shyly away :—
Thus they kept playing all through the day.

At evening, her hard heart to soften,
He said, "You're a flirt, I am sure :
But if vainly you're changing so often,
No lover you'll ever secure."

"Sweet sir," said the vane, "it is you who begin :
When *you* change so often, in *me* 'tis no sin.
If you cease to flutter, and steadily sigh,
And only be constant—I'm sure so will I."

"She hath reversed the image," thought De Lacy, sadly, as he turned over the poem—
"a hard reverse for me ! Oh, Adèle ! thou wert better fitted to play the weathercock, than I the wind ! for I changed not, and thou hast turned—Thou hast, indeed, been *la girouette*!"
—Still he pursued a revision of the papers, and anguish ever sprang most keenly from the word that had formerly given most pleasure :—as the same flower contains poison as well as honey.

He continued to lift letter by letter from the parcel, until one met his eye on whose back the fair recipient had been trying her pen ; and it was manifest the experiment was made *not* in answer to one of his letters ; for there stood in hateful evidence '*mon cher Hippolyte*.'

De Lacy sprang to his feet, stung to the

heart by this proof of worthlessness ; and as he clasped his brow with the energy of agony, exclaimed “ and could no other place be found to write *his* name than on the letter *I* had written ! False one !—false one ! Cursed be this evidence of my credulity ! Let it feed the flames !” and he flung it fiercely on the fire, and continued one by one to throw others to the blaze, in rapid succession, while he pursued his painful train of thought.

Who may believe a woman again ? She whose love made her eloquent, in whom passion was the parent of poetry ; she who seemed to think not after the fashion of ordinary mortals, but whose ideas appeared to flow from an exhaustless fountain of fancy over which purity held guardianship : she — she to prove false ! who a thousand times said, she desired no happier fate than to share my lot, whatever it might be ; who would follow me to the camp or the battle-field, the prison or the scaffold !—Oh ! Adèle !—Adèle !”

His hand was arrested in the work of de-

struction, by seeing the title of some verses he was about to consume.

‘ *The Land of the West.*’

He paused ;— “ Ay, I remember ;—here is what my fond heart poured out when you said so.” And he bit his lip while he read.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

Oh, come to the West, love,—oh, come there with me ;
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea,
Where fair Plenty smiles from her emerald throne ;—
Oh, come to the West, and I 'll make thee my own !
I 'll guard thee, I 'll tend thee, I 'll love thee the best,
And you 'll say there 's no land like the land of the West !

The South has its roses and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue—
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best ;—
Oh ! what is the South to the beautiful West !
Then come to the West, and the rose on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the South !

The North has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er-setting day :
There the Storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft-breathing Zephyr he plays in the West.
Then come there with me, where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow !

The Sun in the gorgeous East chaseth the night
When he riseth, refresh'd, in his glory and might !
But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest !
Oh ! doth he not haste to the beautiful West !
Then come there with me ; 'tis the land I love best,
'Tis the land of my sires !—'tis my own darling West !

The love of country expressed in the concluding lines went to De Lacy's heart, and the sacred sentiment bore balm to the bosom of the deserted lover. "Yes," he said, "my country, all my love is now yours !—False one ! false one !" and he clutched all the papers that lay before him, and flung them on the blazing wood upon his hearth. "There—there perish those records of my folly and my faith. Worthless woman ! thy foot, that I had hoped should have kept pace with mine until they both tottered to the grave,—thy foot shall never press the green shamrocks of my native land—the land that shall soon, soon be free,—my own sweet Ireland, my own darling West !" And, with an enthusiasm pardonable in his excited mood, he kissed the words as he read them ; and folding the paper, he placed it next his heart, and said, "Ireland ! now my love is all thine own !"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DISAPPOINTED ENTHUSIAST COOLS DOWN, AND RORY
FALLS INTO A STRANGE RELIGIOUS ERROR.

DE LACY quitted Paris in a few days, and hastened to the northern coast, where the army was concentrating in great force, as it was believed, to make a simultaneous invasion of England and Ireland as soon as winter was over.

The troops were often inspected by Napoleon Bonaparte, to whom the Directory were anxious to entrust some important command, to get him out of Paris, for they dreaded the presence of the general so near the seat of government, who, at that moment, was the darling of the people, and little short of worshipped, after his wonderful conquest of Italy. They feared his towering temper and popula-

rity might prove inconvenient; for Bonaparte, just then, openly complained of not being employed, and accused the Directory of being desirous of having him forgotten,—for no man knew better than he how short-lived is popularity, and that any amount of fame becomes profitless which has not a periodical increase. And then it was, his secret scheme for the conquest of Egypt became engendered, and the gorgeous dream of founding an Eastern empire opened on his daring and ambitious spirit. So, while he indulged the popular belief that an invasion to the North was in preparation, his views and hopes were all directed to the South. In the mean time, however, his visits to the Army of the North were continued, and the organization of his forces was conducted on the shores of the British Channel, where he knew their presence would retain the English navy until the proper season arrived for marching them to the coast of the Mediterranean, where the absence of a hostile fleet was so important.

During the entire winter, De Lacy and Tone, and other Irish emissaries looked forward to the opening spring for the realization of all their hopes and labours in a descent upon Ireland; but bitter was their disappointment and deep their despair when the order for the whole armament to march southward arrived in the month of April. As yet it was unknown what was the destination of the Army of the North; but it was enough for the Irish refugees to know it was not for Ireland. De Lacy's heart sank, as well as those of others; but sorrow soon gave place to indignation when Tone informed him that he and other Irish delegates had had an interview with Bonaparte, and that every hope for Ireland was gone for the present.

“ You saw him, then ? ” said De Lacy.

“ Yes, ” answered Tone.

“ What did he say ? ”

“ Not much. ”

“ The Corsican is short of speech, ” said De Lacy.

"Yes," answered Tone; "and I wish I could say, in the idiom of our country, 'short and sweet :' but it was far from that."

"What was the objection?"

"Not one: there was no direct reason given *against* the undertaking, but a manifest disinclination to engage in it; and it seemed to me there was some hidden preference to some other enterprise which usurped dominion over his wishes—I may say, his reason, for he had not a shadow of argument to advance for abandoning the Irish project."

"Did he say nothing?"

"I wish he had said nothing, rather than what he did say. If he had made a downright objection that one could have met and argued out with him, I would have been content—and, I hope, content even though I had been beaten in the argument. But no—not a word of argument, but—*what* do you think?" said Tone, becoming excited as he spoke.

"I can't conceive," said De Lacy.

"Why, only fancy—only imagine, De

Lacy, my indignation, when on my urging Ireland as an object of importance, he replied, 'Ireland has done all for us we can expect or want: she has made a diversion in our favour.'—By G—d! the very words!—*a diversion in our favour*. Fancy this!—*a diversion*! Oh, my poor country! that he who ought to fight the cause of freedom, and has power to do so, should give such an answer, and so treat a suffering people, and make a *diversion* of you!—Curse him!"

"It is too bad," said De Lacy: "but perhaps the Directory——"

"Are in the same cue," said Tone: "they handed me over to Bonaparte."

"Was there no word of argument for present delay?"

"Not one."

"Nor of future hope?"

"Not a syllable: the laconic Corsican, after having made his *diversion* of poor Ireland, gave us our *congé*."

"This is very hard, after all the expectations raised."

“ Hard !—it is infamous !” said Tone. “ I cannot forgive him for it—and may just Heaven that sees him turn unheedingly from the cry of a suffering nation, throw the crime into the balance against him, and may it weigh heavily ! Yes ! may he live to remember and curse the hour he refused to make Ireland his friend, and finds her his enemy !”

The words were uttered with the fervour of national indignation and the spirit of prophecy ; for on the field of Waterloo, Ireland *was* his enemy, and her son his conqueror.

The conversation was continued between Tone and De Lacy in this spirit of bitterness and regret, until Tone, having exhausted his fury and his lamentations, retired.

When alone, De Lacy went over all the circumstances of his various disappointments since his return to France, in a very disconsolate mood. “ Is there no truth, nor virtue, nor principle in the world ?” said he to himself. “ Here are those in power on whose lips the word ‘ freedom’ is the very janitor : they open

them but to breathe the blessed sound, and yet the word is desecrated by their use of it; they refuse aid to the most injured and suffering people on the face of the earth. Shame, shame! they forget the cause of freedom now, and substitute conquest in its place. I fear me, it is not of peace and freedom they think, but war and dominion: they seek less to cultivate the olive than the laurel.—Well—I suppose I am not the only disappointed enthusiast.—And then the new extravagance of the Directory. When they were in their most formidable position, they had a small room, with bare walls, a few chairs, one table, a writing-desk, and as much pen, ink, and paper as served them. But now, they have suites of apartments, splendid hangings, bureaus, fauteuils, &c.; and their banquets, concerts, balls, and assemblies are conducted on a scale of lavish expenditure, resembling rather the monarchy which has been overturned, than suited to the moderate measures of republican resources. I fear me, there is more of talk

than reality in the patriotism and the freedom, the virtue and the fidelity, the sentiment and sincerity, of this headlong people. And yet they have done glorious things—deeds never to be forgotten ! But I fear success intoxicates those who rule in their councils, and that the high and noble aspirations which first achieved and maintained their liberty are about to be lost in national vanity ; and, mayhap, her victories, hitherto won in the fight of freedom, may engender a thirst of glory, fatal to the cause whence it sprang, and Liberty may yet perish under the very arms she made victorious.”

With the same spirit in which he viewed public affairs, he looked upon his private concerns. When he remembered all the vows and sentimentality of the girl he loved so truly, and contrasted her falsehood with his unpretending affection, he felt shame for her unblushing frivolity and his own sanguine credulity. In every way had his hopes been deceived ; and with the sudden reaction to which enthusiastic natures are prone, he began to dis-

trust with as much haste as he had believed, and disgust rapidly succeeded admiration.

“ In great things, or in small, they are alike !” thought De Lacy : “ be it the destiny of a nation or an *affaire du cœur*, 'tis all the same,—you cannot depend upon them.”

So great did his repugnance become to joining the army when its destination was not for Ireland, that he determined to relinquish the profession of arms for the present, rather than march to the South, and preferred returning to Ireland, as best he might, to remaining in the country where all his hopes had been so grievously disappointed. It was in this spirit a certain letter reached him, announcing the dangerous illness of his only surviving uncle, and requesting his immediate presence. His relative resided at Bordeaux, and De Lacy lost no time in obeying the request conveyed in the letter, which was, at the particular moment, in accordance with his ulterior views, as Bordeaux was the most likely port whence he could find his way back to Ireland.

De Lacy was well provided with funds ; for his uncle was a rich and also (as does not always happen) a sensible man, and knew that a captain of grenadiers, however well he might march, could not make his way from Normandy to Guienne without money, and the letter which demanded his presence also conveyed the means of speedy conveyance thither.

It would be foreign to the main interest of the story to dwell on the journey of De Lacy to Bordeaux, in the course of which the dozens of "wonders" per day which Rory uttered at everything novel which struck him would amuse, it is true ; but as it would retard the direct course of the narrative, it is better to post on to Bordeaux with as little delay as possible.

When De Lacy reached that celebrated environ which is to be for ever venerated as the birthplace of the cool and fragrant wine so well calculated for those who have plenty of money and leisure—for, decidedly, you must not hurry a man with his claret ;—when he reached

Bordeaux, I say, he hastened to the house of his uncle, with that universal eagerness which young soldiers generally exhibit to indulge the nepotism of elderly gentlemen who have something more than their blessing to leave behind them.

The disease of the uncle, though sure to terminate fatally, was of a character to baffle medical skill in predicting the length of its course, and the old man lingered on with a tenacity of life which surprised his physicians.

While he lay in this uncertain state, the news reached France of the outbreak of the rebellion in Ireland, and De Lacy's impatience to reach the scene of action became extreme; but his uncle's state of health, as well as the old man's advice and requests, forbade it. He represented that a single arm could not strengthen the cause, and added his fears that without foreign aid the struggle could not terminate favourably to De Lacy's wishes,—and in case of failure, how much more prudent to remain absent when the

individual aid was so disproportioned to the individual risk.

“ Oh, if every one thought of risk, where would all the boldest and noblest achievements of history be ?” said De Lacy.

“ Were you on the spot, my boy, I would not counsel you to be a dastard : but as chance has so ordered it that you are absent at the time, rush not into such terrible peril. Besides, you are my only living relation—you must not leave me to die alone, with stranger hands to close my eyes in a strange land.”

De Lacy returned the pressure of his uncle's hand, but still he burned to be in Ireland at the moment.

The eagerness was extreme with which he sought for intelligence thence, through every channel ingenuity could suggest or money procure. Various and uncertain were the rumours received at that distance relating to the struggle, and his life was a state of fever while it remained undecided. This lasted all through the summer ; but in the autumn intelligence

arrived of the total overthrow of the insurgents, and his impatience was then changed to despair. Shortly after, his uncle died, and De Lacy became the inheritor of his property. This was not large, for his uncle's income was derived principally from mercantile pursuits, and the realised wealth was not extensive,—the principal portion of it consisting of a small property in Ireland, the proceeds of which reached France annually by an agency communicating through a neutral country.

This circumstance decided De Lacy in his course of conduct. He determined to return to Ireland, retire to his little property, form around him a circle of dependants whom he should render faithful and attached by kindness, and as the chance was past of bettering their *political* position, he would at least make their condition less wretched by affording them the protection and relief of which he had witnessed their want. If he could not prove a patriot on a grand scale, he would become a benefactor on a small. “And, after all,” said De Lacy “I

have been so disgusted with the show and not the substance of noble feelings here, that I begin to doubt the possible existence of the state of things I have contemplated—or perhaps I had better say, dreamed of : my hopes, like Astræa, must fly back to the heaven whence they came, when the worthlessness of earth has affrighted them ; and as I cannot achieve the freedom I desire for my countrymen, I will return amongst them, and at least make their condition more endurable by spreading comfort and kindness as widely as I can round my own immediate centre. And now, when the supremacy of the dominant party is established, perhaps their security may engender a forbearance to their less fortunate fellow-subjects, which will render society not so intolerable as when I left them ; and if men cannot enjoy equal rights, they will at least be permitted to live unmolested.

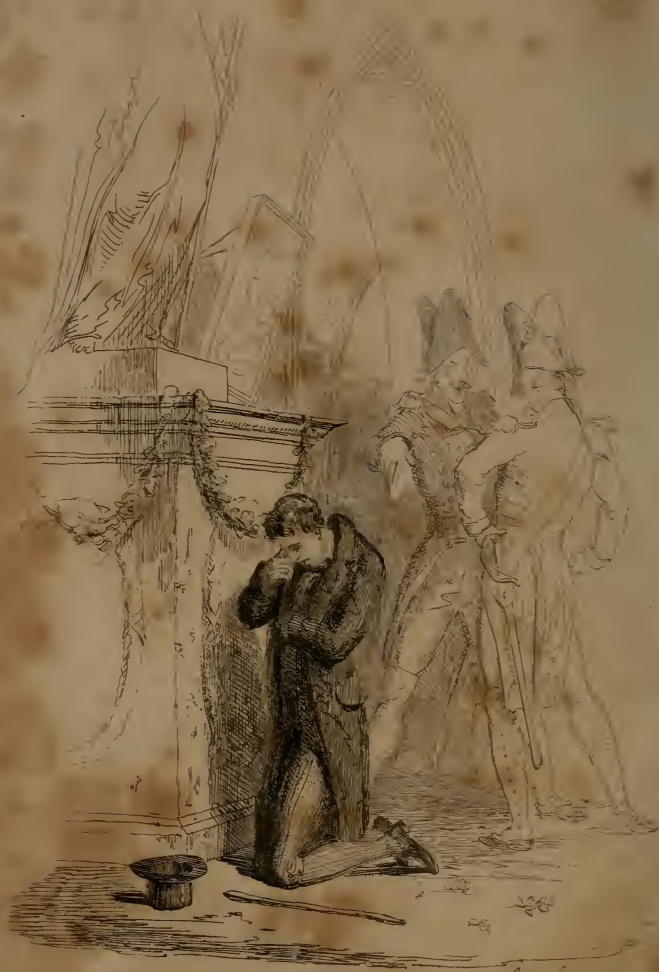
It was with these moderate expectations De Lacy looked forward to a return to Ireland, which he intended to effect by the Swedish

ship (early spoken of in our story) which traded between Dublin and Bordeaux ; and having everything in readiness for his departure, he only awaited her putting to sea, to bid an eternal farewell to France.

On the morning of their sailing, Rory, before embarking, went to one of the churches to offer up his prayers for a safe voyage. The church was prepared for one of those fêtes common at the time, when the conscripts were presented with their arms by their sweethearts, in presence of the assembled people, who chaunted the *Marseillaise* all the time, at the foot of the statue of Liberty : but Rory, never having seen any such piece of business, did not know what the garlands and banners meant, when he entered the aisle early in the morning, long before the celebration of the fête was to take place, and when he was the only person present.

He looked about in wonder some time, and seeing the statue of Liberty very magnificently decorated, he thought it could represent no other than the Virgin Mary ; and so Rory pop-





Wm. Hunt

ped down on his knees before the goddess of Liberty, and began to pray devoutly to the holy Mother.—While in the act of devotion, a couple of soldiers strolled into the church, to see if all was in proper cue for the approaching military fête; and seeing Rory on his knees before the goddess of Liberty, they thought him some fond enthusiast of the revolution, and exclaimed with delight, “*Ah ! que c’est drôle ! Ma foi, c’est un brave garçon qui aime tant la liberté qu’il se met à genoux à la déesse.*” They approached Rory as they spoke ; but their admiration was somewhat dashed when they saw him bless himself, very devoutly making sundry crucial flourishes with his hand upon his breast and forehead as he bobbed and ducked before the statue.

The soldiers then advanced in front of Rory, and looking upon him with great contempt, exclaimed, “*Sacré sot !*” and turned from him with disgust.

Rory, having finished his prayers, returned to De Lacy, who immediately proceeded on board the vessel. On asking Rory if he dreaded

encountering the sea again, Rory answered, "Not in the laste, sir, for I seen the Virgin Mary this mornin'."

"Saw who?" said De Lacy in wonder.

"The Virgin Mary, sir."

De Lacy could not help laughing at the serious way in which the absurdity was uttered by Rory, who, not relishing his mirth, said,

"Sure, sir, is it laughing at me you 'd be for sayin' my prayers?"

"Certainly not; but you tell me you saw the Virgin Mary."

"And so I did, and said my prayers fore-ninst her in the big church: and why wouldn't I, and we goin' on the wide say?"

De Lacy now laughed more heartily than before, while he told Rory that it was the Goddess of Liberty he had been praying to instead of the Virgin.

"You don't tell me so?" said Rory, with horror in his looks.

"Indeed 'tis true."

"Oh God forgi' me! if it's a sin; but sure

I thought it was the Queen iv Heaven herself, and I ax her pardon for mistakin' their dirty haythinish goddess for her ; but, sure, I hope it's no harm, since it was done undher a mistake."

"Don't be uneasy, Rory," said De Lacy, who saw he had distressed him by his laughter ; "I hope the prayer that is offered to Heaven in purity of heart, will find its way there, before whatever altar it is breathed."

With such tolerant sentiment did De Lacy go on board, committing himself to the care of that Providence in whose unlimited mercies and protection he reposed his faith.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A MYSTERIOUS MEETING.

AND now our story must return to Ireland. A period of a year had nearly elapsed since Rory had left its shores; but how fearful was the history those few months left behind!—too fearful to be touched on here,—too tempting to the passion of party, or too forcibly appealing to the gentler feelings of human nature, for mortal pen to be trusted with. It might be a ‘recording angel’ alone that could write of that period; and oh! how much must she weep over as she recorded, and well if it *could* be blotted out for ever. It was the awful year of 1798, whose acts seemed the work of fiends, and whose records are but of blood.

In the autumn of that year the insurgents were dispersed, with the exception of a few scattered parties of the most desperate, who still kept the fastnesses of the hills, or held out a miserable and hunted existence in the bogs. It was in the dusk of an evening, at this period, that Mary O'More had a message conveyed to her through an old beggar-woman, stating, "that if she would go to a certain place, alone, she would meet a person to give her tidings she would be glad to hear."

The woman endeavoured to excite Mary's curiosity still further: but, in such unsettled times, to go alone was a service of more danger than she had courage to look calmly upon; for though a girl of a bold and high spirit, she never recovered the shock which her rencontre in the glen of the Folly had produced. "Could not the person come to her, whoever it was? if he or she wished her well, they would not object to do so."

"Maybe they can't."

"An outlaw it is, then?"

"Not that; but mustn't come into the village."

"They shall suffer neither hurt nor harm, if they come to our place."

"No;—you must meet the person."

"I 'm afeard of some plot."

"I tell you, child," said the woman, "and I swear to you by the blessed vestments, no harm is meant you."

"Then tell me who it is."

"I 'm bound not."

"I 'm afeard," said Mary, hesitating.

"Then you *won't* hear of it: maybe you'll be sorry."

"I can't be sorry for what I don't know."

"Maybe there's thim you'd like to hear of?"

"Is it poor Conolly?" said Mary, who, though she never loved, felt a deep interest in the faithful friend who had assisted her and her mother, however he could, after Rory had disappeared, and who was amongst those who were outstanding with the rebels: not that he had

committed any acts of brutal aggression, but some daring deeds he had achieved during the insurrection had marked him for vengeance from the other party.

“ There ’s thim you loved betther than you loved Conolly,” said the beggar-woman.

Mary blushed, and thought of De Lacy, and, ashamed of the thought, was glad the twilight forbade the mendicant seeing the evidence on her cheek ; for all unconsciously had the poor girl dwelt on the remembrance of him, (a remembrance rendered doubly dear by its being associated with recollections of her brother,) and had read over and over again his books that he had given her, and recorded in her memory his courtesy and gentle bearing, until, under these influences of heart and mind, an effect was wrought upon her of which she herself knew not half the strength.

“ Suppose you could hear something of him ?”

“ Who ?” said Mary.

“ Suppose your brother——”

"What!" exclaimed Mary, clasping her hands in wonder.

"Suppose Rory was——"

"Gracious God! is he alive?" cried the agitated girl, laying hold of the speaker.

"You may hear something about him you'll be glad of: will you go *now*?"

"Anywhere," said Mary, with courage which the hope of such news inspired; "but if you deceive me——"

"I'm not deceivin' you."

"You're a woman, and should not betray one of your own sex."

"I tell you, Mary O'More, you're safe if you follow me."

"Then lead on where you like," said Mary; "and I'll follow."

The beggar-woman walked rapidly away from the village; but, instead of going down the street, she struck into a path which lay behind the widow O'More's cabin, and led to some solitary upland beyond it.

It is necessary here to explain that the

widow O'More and her daughter were not now living in the snug cabin where first the reader knew them. That had been burned during the rebellion, and then its inmates removed to the village. Kathleen Regan too, and her mother, were driven from their home about the same time, for Shan Regan had been long a defaulter in the payment of his rent; and when the affair in the glen of the Folly obliged him to fly, in consequence of the magisterial search after him, matters got more involved; for his poor mother knew not what to do, and was nearly heart-broken at her son's misconduct; and when the rebellion broke out, and Regan was known to be amongst the most lawless of the insurgents, (for in their ranks he found most personal safety,) the landlord visited the crimes of the child on the parent, instead of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children, as the Decalogue declares. But this was not the only instance in those terrible times of men's actions being at variance with Holy Writ.

Under such circumstances, when these two

suffering families found themselves deprived of their natural homes, and the men who were their natural protectors, they agreed to reside together; and, as the open country was dangerous, they went into the village, and lived, if not in safety, at least in companionship.

On reaching the upland, the mendicant stopped near the edge of a narrow road which led over the hill, and, from its great age and long wear, formed a sort of covered way: here she stopped, and gave a loud cough by way of signal; it was immediately answered, and a man emerged through the hedge that fringed the embankment of the road, and approached the spot where Mary stood with her guide. On his getting nearer, she perceived it was the old tinker who approached, and recoiled at the recognition, but her guide assured her she had nothing to fear.

The tinker approached Mary with the greeting that denotes good faith, and expressed his gladness she had come, as he had much to say of consequence to her; he then asked her

to remove from her guide a sufficient distance to be out of hearing.

"Can't you say what you have to say before her? I don't like *her* to leave me."

"Come away a few steps, my poor *colleen*," said Solomon, with more gentleness in his voice than Mary had ever heard before. "Don't be afeard, there's no harm comin' to you."

"You won't go far from us," said Mary to the beggar-woman, for even in her whom she had never seen before she felt more of fellowship and protection than in the old tinker, whom she always disliked; and, since the day she last had seen him at the glen of the Folly, his image was associated with all that was revolting to her feelings.

"We are far enough away now," said Mary to Solomon; "I won't go another step, and whatever you have to tell me, tell me at wanst."

"Well, thin," said Solomon, "I brought you here to tell you that Rory's alive."

"Oh holy Mother!" exclaimed Mary, drop-

ping on her knees, and bursting into a flood of tears.

“ There, there ! now don't be foolish, *colleen* ; he's alive, and——”

“ Where ? where ? tell me where, for the love o' God !”

“ Aisy, aisy. Wait and I'll tell you. Now, first and foremost you must know, that it was Shan Dhu was at the beginnin' and end of it all, and I've nothin' to do wid it but havin' had the bad luck to know iv it ; and for that same I've been hunted up and down the country ever since, and would have towld you afore, only I darn't show my face. But you see it was lyin' heavy an my conscience all the time ; and now I run the risk o' bein' taken up, and hanged maybe, all for the sake o' settin' your mind at aise and takin' the weight av my heart.”

“ But where is Rory ?”

“ Indeed, he 's in France, I b'lieve,—at laste he was carried off along with the Collecthor ; but he wasn't murthered, as you thought.”

“ Solomon !” said Mary impressively ; “ by

your hopes of mercy on your dyin' day! —
and you're not far off the grave, owld man——"

"Whisht, whisht!" interposed Solomon;
"don't be sayin' that."

"Oh, sure we're all nigh death every minit,
if it's God's will; — but I charge you not to
put false hope into a sisther's heart."

"It's thruth," said Solomon; "and more
than that I've to tell you. Shan Regan is in
the hills hidin', and a few blackguards like
himself along wid him; and I hear he intinds
makin' an offer for takin' *you* off."

"May the Lord pity me!" said Mary.

"But don't be afeard," added the tinker;
"if you'll only do my biddin'. You saved my
life beyant in the glen, and I don't forget it
to you, *colleen agra*; and so I kem to tell you
the thruth about Rory, and make your heart
aisy: and if you'll only go along wid me to
the magisthrit, I'll swear it all agin Regan;
and moreover I know where he's hidin', him
and his morodin' vagabones, and I'll lade the
sojers on thim sly, and have thim all taken

and hanged like crows, for indeed the gallows is greedy for thim."

"Let us go now," said Mary; "Misther Dixon's is not over a couple o' miles."

"Too late to-night, *colleen*, with the martial-law out; we had betther both keep unknownst for to-night; but to-morrow mornin' I 'll be wid you, and go to the magisthrits. So now away wid you home, and plaze God you 'll see Rory yet; and yourself will be the safer from harm the sooner Shan Dhu is taken care of. Good night to you, *colleen*!—Remimber to-morrow mornin' I 'll be wid you." And the old tinker vanished through the hedge; while Mary O'More rejoined the mendicant, who had remained near the spot, and in her company returned to the village.

Let it not be supposed it was any compunctious visiting of the old tinker's conscience urged him to the disclosure he made to Mary O'More, or that it was any feeling of tenderness towards the girl, or compassion for her sufferings, which operated upon him. In

this, as in all the other actions of his life, Solomon sought his own advantage.

To explain this, it becomes necessary to revert to the period when Solomon fled with his money-bag from the glen of the Folly, and left Mary O'More to the tender mercies of Shan Dhu. Having escaped the observation of the huntsmen, and got clear of Regan, he concealed his treasure in a new hiding-place, of which none were cognizant but himself and the stars. This being effected, his next object was to keep out of Shan Dhu's way ; but, in a day or two, he found another and more extensive cause for concealment in the search the officers of justice were making through the country, after Mary O'More's depositions respecting the scene she had witnessed in the glen. Solomon continued to effect concealment with success, until the rebellion broke out, and, while that raged, the authorities were engaged in wholesale business, and did not attend to such paltry details as delinquent tinkers ; but, when the insurrection was quelled,

Solomon had his two sources of apprehension opened upon him afresh ; for government was in a very hanging humour for less than what Solomon was suspected of, and he had got a whisper that Regan, who still held out in the hills, had said, "he wished he could come across the tinker;" and Solomon best knew why. "If he could lay his hands on me," said Solomon to himself, "he'd thry and get the goold out o' me; and if I didn't tell him where it is—and *I wouldn't*—he'd murther me with the rage: and suppose I did,—maybe he'd murther me too;—but, anyhow, I think it's not good for my health that Regan's alive; and why wouldn't I sthrive to save my own life? so wid the blessin' o' God, Shan Dhu, my boy, I'll have you in the stone jug* as soon as I can, and dancin' on nothin' after."

It was with this view he sought Mary O'More, and aroused her fears respecting Regan's intention of carrying her off, and her hopes regarding her brother. He induced her to go

* The jail.

with him to the magistrate, and depended on her friendly presence as a protection to him on this occasion ; and as he should not only reveal the circumstances of the kidnapping of the Collector, whose disappearance he should represent himself as being an unwilling witness of, but also volunteer to lead the military to the retreat of a party of desperate rebels who still committed many robberies, he trusted thus to procure his own pardon and protection, and at the same time secure the death of the man he dreaded most—Shan Regan. Such was the web the old spider wove.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONTAINING SOLOMON'S EXAMINATION AND ITS RESULTS.

It was quite true, the intelligence the old tinker had heard respecting Regan's intention towards him. From the day he had escaped out of the glen of the Folly with his money, Regan had in vain endeavoured to find out his places of retreat; but, Shan himself being a refugee at the time, his means of acquiring information on the subject, and putting his wishes into effect, were so circumscribed, that Solomon had escaped all harm from his designs. Could he have laid hold of the tinker during the period of his hiding himself after the abduction of the Collector, it was his intention to have endeavoured by force to wring

some of the hidden gold from old Solomon, and by its means to procure his flight from the country ; but the period of the rebellion gave him other hopes, and, trusting to the success of the insurrection for his ultimate safety and plenty of plunder, the tinker was free from his evil intentions : but when total defeat had driven the last desperate remnant of the rebels into the fastnesses of the mountains and their bogs, his thoughts again reverted to Solomon and his hidden treasure ; and the same desire of possessing it returned, in the hope of its enabling him to get a passage to America, and he used every means within his power to discover where Solomon might be seized, while the tinker, at the same time, was meditating how to compass the death of Regan. Thus were they worthily engaged in plotting each other's destruction :—one of the thousand examples that, while the friendships of the good strengthen with age, the attachments of the profligate and base have the elements of ruin in their very foundation !

The tinker was true to his appointment with Mary for the following morning; and they proceeded in company to the house of Mr. Dixon, where Solomon made his depositions before that magistrate, to the effect stated in the foregoing chapter. Solomon's disclosure being so long withheld, threw much suspicion on his testimony; the more so, as he himself was an accused person by Mary O'More's previous deposition made some months before; yet, even if he were guilty, Mr. Dixon was glad to take him as king's evidence, for the discovery and punishment of others. On his being questioned why he did not make the disclosure sooner, he said he dreaded the vengeance of those who had accomplished the act, in case he should divulge it.

"Yet," said Mr. Dixon, "you let an innocent man suffer under the imputation of having committed a murder for some time. You knew this poor girl's brother was accused of having murdered Mr. Scrubbs."

"Yis, sir; but sure, when the *colleen* afther

that, swore agin me, that I had a hand in makin' away wid Rory O'More, and I was obleeged to hide for my life, sure I was afeard even *thin* to come and clear myself; and it's only now, when yiz have got the fellows undher that was disturbin' the country, 'that I ventured to come, for my life wouldn't be safe to do it afore."

"I think it very extraordinary an innocent person should hesitate to give himself up."

"Sure I am givin' myself up, now."

"Yes, after a year; but, if you were free from guilt, you would have done it sooner. Now take care you swear the truth; because, even if you are guilty, you shall have pardon for turning king's evidence and bringing the other guilty parties to justice. So do not, through any fear for your own life, give false evidence."

"I'll swear the thruth, sir, and nothing else."

"Do you swear then, positively, the Collector was not murdered?"

"I do."

"And that he has been only taken over sea?"

“ Yis, sir.”

“ And that no other violence was done him ?”

“ Yis, sir.”

“ Then how came you and Regan by the money this girl saw you dig up in the glen ?”

“ Oh ! that was a thrifle I saved, sir, and put there ; and Shan Dhu wanted to take it av me.”

“ Saved ! — *you* save ! — was it much ?”

“ Oh ! how could a poor owld craythur like me save much ? it was only a few shillin’s.”

“ And yet this girl says, he was going to murder you for that money. Now, would a man murder for a few shillings ?”

“ There was no more, upon my oath.”

“ Are you quite sure ?”

“ In throth I am.”

“ Where is that money at present ?”

“ Och now ! thin and sure Shan Dhu run afther me that same day, and cotch me in the wood, and tuk it all away from me.”

“ Will you swear positively you did not rob the Collector ?”

“ I will.”

“ Nor see him robbed ?”

“ He was not robbed, I ’ll give my oath.”

“ And Rory O'More, you say, also is gone with him ?”

“ He is.”

“ Was Rory O'More of your party ?”

“ Oh !” cried Mary ; “ no, no, your honour !”

“ Silence, girl,” said the magistrate ; “ it is not you who are under examination. What do you answer ?” added he to Solomon.

“ He was not, sir.”

“ How came he there, then ?”

Solomon described the circumstances of Rory's unfortunate adventure at the Folly, with the liberation of De Welskein and his party ; and for once in his life did justice to O'More in relating his gallant defence of the Collector, and his own fate in consequence. As to the tinker's presence there, he told a long rigmarole so involved in parenthesis and digression, that the magistrate could make nothing of it, which was

exactly what Solomon wanted; and he concluded by declaring it was "all along o' that vagabone Regan that inthrapped him into it, by way of goin' to a party."

Though Mr. Dixon had every suspicion of Solomon as far as the story concerned himself, yet there was an appearance of truth about the tale as it bore on Rory's adventure almost inducing him to give it credence; but his mind, strongly preoccupied with the generally-received false impressions on the subject, now found the truth difficult of belief, and mystery had hung so long over the affair, and made it doubtful whether Rory was a murderer or a murdered man, that this sudden resurrection of him and clearance of his character from stain required more respectable evidence than the tinker's to obtain credit.

"And you say this Shan Regan is the guilty person?"

"Yis, sir; and is in the hills at this present with some vagabones like himself; and I'll swear it all agin him, and show the sojers

the way to the place where he is, and he may be nabbed as aisy as kiss hand."

"Very well; but you must remain in custody until you prove what you 've sworn to."

"Tò be sure, your honour's worship; for now I have no business to be seen out afther tellin' all this,—and I 'd rather be in the jail, for the safety."

"You shall be taken every care of after you return with the military party from the hills."

"God bless your worship's honour! sure they 'd murdher me if I was cotch; but suppose they did, itself, my conscience is aisier than it was for many a day, afther swarin' the thruth agin that black villian Regan."

No time was lost by Mr. Dixon in summoning a military party from a regiment in the neighbourhood, to make a capture of the rebels. This detachment was commanded by late Ensign, now Captain Daw, for his regiment had been very much cut up during the rebellion; and Death happening to make his choice from among the sensible men of the corps,

Daw got promotion. In addition to the soldiers, some of the yeomanry cavalry, under the command of the bold Captain Slink, (De Lacy's acquaintance,) put themselves under arms to assist in cutting off the retreat, if necessary, of any fugitive rebels; and the combined forces marched for the mountain pass, under the distinguished guidance of Sawdherin' Solomon.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ATTACK ; SHOWING HOW DIFFERENT IS THE CONDUCT OF
SOLDIERS AND YEOMANRY, *in* THE BATTLE AND *after* IT.

IT was one of the wildest passes of the hills the insurgents selected for their stronghold. It chanced, on the day the military party marched against them, that these fellows had made a larger muster than usual to hold a council on their affairs ; for, being hemmed in more than ordinary, they wanted to break away from their present cover, and take up a position in another range of mountains some miles distant. They usually kept together in parties of three or four, the more easily to effect concealment, and had their points of occasional meeting understood among themselves ; but, in the movement they projected, it was

necessary to make a combined effort, and for such a purpose they had met in this pass, which Solomon found out to be the spot Regan had made his place of refuge.

Living the hunted life they did, the outlaws exercised the greatest watchfulness; and on this day, while the majority of the men held their council under the screen of some bold rocks, imbedded in heather, there were scouts posted at such points as commanded a view of the circumjacent hills and the country below, to give the alarm in case of the approach of enemies. They had not been more than half an hour in conclave, when one of the scouts ran in and told them he suspected the approach of the military. Every man was on his legs in an instant, and looked to the priming of his piece; for they were all well armed, and tolerably provided with ammunition, which their friends in the low-lands contrived to procure and leave for them in secret appointed places: in this way also were they provisioned.

Jack Flannerty, one of the heroes of the Folly, as the reader may remember, and Regan, were principal amongst the outlaws; so they went forth to reconnoitre in the quarter whence the scout announced the hostile approach, and, after some ten minutes' observation, were enabled to discover the nature of their foes, and make a tolerable guess at their number. They then left their sentinel still on the watch, and returned to the main body of the men to communicate the news and arrange a plan of defence.

"Are they yeos* or reg'lars?" asked one of the rebels.

"'Faith, they 're reg'lars, sure enough; but not over twenty, or thereaway."

"That's as much as we are ourselves."

"Well," said Flannerty; "and who cares? Sure we have the advantage o' the ground, and the knowledge iv it,—and that's more than a match for them. Never mind; if we don't lick them; we'll sarve them the same sauce we

* Yeomen, or regular troops.

sarved the Anshint Britons,—divil a man o' thim will go home!"

"But Regan says there is cavalthry as well."

"And what if there is?" said Flannerty; "supposin' it was *rale* cavalthry, what good are they up here?—but it's not; it's only the yeomanthry, that you might bate if you had nothin' but sticks."

Silence now ensued for a few minutes, while the men watched the approach of the soldiers as they wound through a little road at the foot of the hills. On their arriving at a certain point, and quitting the road for a path, Regan exclaimed, "See that! By the 'tarnal, they 're comin' up the right way into the pass! Some one must be wid 'im that knows."

"What will we do now?" said Flannerty; "we can't have a slap at thim over the bank in the deep road below."

"Thin we must go higher up the pass, Jack, where the cavalthry can't come at us, and murdher the sojers the best way we can."

“The yeos is sticking to them still.”

“Well, they can't come beyant the grey stones ; at laste they *won't*, you may be sure, for they are mighty proud of a whole skin : they 'll come as far as they have a road behind them to run back, but divil a taste farther.”

In a few minutes more the horsemen halted, and a seeming consultation ensued between the officers ; after which, the infantry advanced up the heights, which became more steep and broken every hundred yards

“Didn't I tell you the yeos would lave the business to the sojers? Now, boys, do *you* all fall back higher up there in the pass ; and, though you lie hid, keep a good open, all o' yiz, for the muzzle of the gun, and a sharp eye on the sojers ; and let the man that is farthest up the pass level at the foremost sojer, and the man that is nighest to thim at the hindmost, and so you won't throw away your fire, by two shooting at one man ; and *we'll* hide here ; just six iv uz : and when they have passed about forty yards or thereaway, we 'll

slap at thim in the rear, and that 'll make thim turn; and the minit you see thim turn, put the fire into thim immediantly at th' other side, and you 'll see how they 'll stagger! Away wid you, boys!"

The plan was instantly put in practice: the principal part of the outlaws were perched on each side of an abrupt and very narrow rocky gorge, defying any regular assault of troops, and admirably suited to the purposes of the marksman, besides affording that perfect concealment suited to a surprise; while Regan and Jack Flannerty, with four of the most desperate of their companions, crouched amongst the rocks and heather at the entrance of the pass. Jack Flannerty had his eye fixed on the advancing party with the eager keenness of a hound, and said quickly to Regan, who lay beside him, "Look for a minit; do you see nothing among the sojers remarkable?"

Regan was not so sharp-sighted as his companion, and answered, "No."

"There 's a man in the middle o' thim that 's

not a sojer," said Flannerty; "whisht! — by the 'tarnal, it's that owld villian Sawdherin' Solomon!"

"Solomon!" said Regan, looking out eagerly; "so it is,—the gallows owld thraitor!"

"I'll shoot him through the grey plottin' head, the villian," said Flannerty, "when I fire."

"No," said Regan, who thought at the moment of the secret of the tinker's treasure dying with him; "don't shoot him — we'll ketch him and give him a death fitter for a thraitor like him; don't shoot him, Jack."

"I wont, thin," said Flannerty. "Whisht! lie close, boys; they're comin'."

The party of soldiers drew near the pass, with Solomon in the centre, who urged Captain Daw not to march his men in a body, but to "scatther them," as he said; "for you don't know how 'cute these chaps is at a *nam-plush*."

But the captain thought it would be a very pretty story indeed, if it ever could be said he

took instructions from a tinker ; so on he went, without even the precaution of a couple of men in advance or in the rear. The lieutenant ventured to remark to the captain, that the gorge they were going to enter was an ugly-looking place, and asked, should he send a couple of men forward.

“ I can command it, sir, if I think it necessary,” said the bold captain. The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the discharge of the half-dozen fowling-pieces in their rear knocked over as many soldiers ; the men instinctively turned to fire in the direction whence the shots came, but, before they pulled a trigger, the ambushed party in the gorge put in so murderous a volley, that the soldiers were quite staggered, and returned it almost at random. Daw became bewildered, and the lieutenant suggested falling back, as they were manifestly entrapped into an ambushade. The captain gave his assent, and the men very willingly went to the right-about ; but here they were met by Flannerty and his desperadoes,

who arose from their places of concealment with a wild shout, which was answered by the party in the gorge; Solomon clung closely to the captain when he saw Regan amongst the assailants, and the military party began to retire as fast as they might in tolerable order. Regan, seeing Solomon so nearly within his grasp, jumped from an overhanging rock, and, rushing upon him, caught hold of part of his dress, and was dragging him back from the captain, of whom Solomon kept an iron grip. The captain fancied this was an attempt to rescue from his hands the old rascal who had led him into an ambuscade, and, though still in bewilderment from the suddenness of the surprise his party had sustained, his courage would not brook such an insolent attempt at defiance; and, turning boldly on Regan, he ran him through the body with his sword. Regan fell with a sharp gasping cry, and the soldiers came to a rally in tolerable order when they saw their captain turn and defend himself. Regan, after a writhing plunge

upon the ground, raised himself on his elbow while he drew a pistol from his breast, and, levelling it at Solomon, gasped out, "H—l to your sowl!" as he fired it; but his aim was untrue, and the ball intended for the old villain entered the head of poor Daw, who measured his length on the heather. Regan grinned like a demon upon the tinker, who stood riveted to the spot in terror; and Shan Dhu, gurgling up the words "Blast you!" fell back to speak no more.

The outlaws in the mean time had reloaded their pieces; and put in a second volley which committed dreadful havock. This destructive fire occurring the moment after their captain fell, the soldiers became panic-struck, and made a hurried retreat.

"Come along, you old scoundrel!" said the lieutenant, laying hold of Solomon by the collar, and dragging him down the hill as he hurried after his men. The rebels pursued the fugitives for some minutes; but seeing them fall back upon the support of the yeomanry, who were

numerous, they returned to their mountain fastness, unwilling to hazard the loss of the success they had already achieved, and which to them at this moment, was of much importance; for it would enable them, under the alarm which the repulse of the military would produce, to retire unmolested from their present hold to the stronger chain of adjacent mountains.

When the soldiers rallied upon the support of the yeomanry, the lieutenant addressed Captain Slink, and requested his aid in returning to the pass: but this was a matter the yeomanry captain thought worth thinking of twice; as the rush of the men down the hill, their diminished number, their wounds, and the blood of the lieutenant himself, tinging deeply a handkerchief he bound round his arm as he made his request, appealed strongly to a certain tender Scriptural recollection the captain had about "his days being long in the land;" for though he had no father nor mother to "honour," inasmuch as the former was a small lord of great patronage who quartered his un-

acknowledged relations on the public purse, and his mother, therefore, *could* not be honoured, yet as the land had something worth remaining in, for him, he thought it would be, in more ways than one, a tempting of Providence to put his life in jeopardy: besides, as the captain had a very exalted idea of the comfort of a whole skin, he considered the proposal of the lieutenant one of those wild and ill-tempered suggestions a beaten man will sometimes make at the moment he is smarting under defeat.

“My dear sir, don’t be rash,” said the captain; “you seem to have had a very warm reception already.”

“Yes, d—n them!” said the lieutenant bitterly; “but you see they have retired upon seeing your support of us; and if you will return with me and my remaining men, we shall chastise these rebel rascals yet.”

“I really cannot, sir, in conscience, considering the command entrusted to me, risk the lives of so many gentlemen.”

Here one of the corps put in a word :

“I’m sure, Captain Slink, if you think it right, we are all very ready.”

“By no means, gentlemen; your courage is too well known to require any proof on this occasion; and I’m sure it would only be making a sort of unhandsome reflection on the conduct of the gallant men who have suffered to-day, if we were to admit even the supposition, that we could succeed where they have failed.”

“Sir,” said the lieutenant, “our failure was attributable solely to a successful ambuscade prepared for us.”

“An ambuscade !” exclaimed the captain in triumph; “my dear sir, say no more; that’s quite enough: there was one piece of advice which my friend, Captain Skurry, of the Skurry Horse, used to say to me,—‘My dear Slink, never go near an ambuscade.—When you see your enemy in an ambuscade, let him alone.’”

The lieutenant looked at the captain with mingled feelings of contempt and wonder at his cowardice and ignorance, and only added,

“ Well, sir ; I shan’t ask you to pursue the rebels ; but at least support me and my men in recovering the body of our captain who has fallen in the affair.”

“ Indeed, upon my word and honour I won’t ; that ’s the very place *them* rascally rebels would be waiting for you : don’t think I’ll help you to run any more risks to-day.”

“ Sir, I don’t like leaving the body of our late commanding officer on the ground.”

“ My dear sir, what harm can he come to, and he dead ? if he was alive, indeed.”

“ He may be, sir, although he has fallen,” said the lieutenant.

“ Not he indeed : they always pike every body, *them* vagabone rebels, the minit they fall ; I know them better than you, sir.”

“ Even as a point of honour, sir, I do not like leaving the body of a king’s officer in the hands of such miscreants, and I request your support.”

“ Oh, if you talk about honour, that’s another affair ; and upon *my* honour, if it *was* a

point of honour, I would be as ready as any man to do my *outhermost* in the business; and if we were fighting with regular troops, the real thing, you know,—the Simon Pure,—I 'd do all that could be done: but you see, my dear sir, these dirty blackguards is not to be treated like gentlemen, and I would not indulge them by letting them see they gave me any concern."

The lieutenant, perceiving it was useless to urge his suit any further in this quarter, turned to his men, and said, "You won't leave your captain behind you, boys?"

The men returned a fierce "No:" it was not a cheer,—their recent defeat had taken that out of them; but given, as it was, with something between a growl and a bark, there was the tone of determination in it which assured their officer in leading them once more up the pass.

"I leave this old scoundrel in your care," said he, to the yeomanry captain; "you can take care of him at least:" and, with this con-

temptuous farewell to the cavalry, he gave the word "Forward !"

There was no opposition to the soldiers in their backward march, which was conducted with more caution than under the command of the foolish officer whose rashness had caused their defeat, and whose life had paid the forfeit of his indiscretion : he still lay where he had fallen, and *had not been piked*, as the heroic yeomanry captain prophesied. Nor was there any savage *post mortem* disfigurement on any of the fallen soldiers. " We cannot remove all our dead comrades at present," said the lieutenant, " but let us bear home our captain ;" and the remains of their former commander were carried back by the brave fellows, who would not desert him, even in death, to where the horsemen still awaited them ; and, on re-joining the troop, the lieutenant showed no inclination to hold any further converse with such a pack of poltrons.

But the captain was not to be put off so : he congratulated him on recovering the body of

Captain Daw, as they marched homewards; and, in answer to the lieutenant's remark that the rebels had not piked a fallen enemy, he replied it must have been in consequence of their having seen his corps of yeomanry so near, which forced them to a precipitate retreat. "For I assure you, sir, they dread us exceedingly: we flog and hang the rascals every day we catch them; and I will say, without fear of contradiction, that our corps has done more in the pitch-cap and tar and feathering line than any other in Ireland."

"Very likely, sir," said the lieutenant coldly.

"But in this instance,—the affair of to-day, I mean,—you know I would not have been justified in any rash or hasty movement: life, sir,—life is a precious thing,—life is a thing not to be trifled with, particularly by one of his majesty's justices of the peace, who has such matters in charge."

"As far as *you* are concerned, sir," said the lieutenant, "I am sure it will be taken every care of."

“Certainly, sir : I respect the laws, and life and property ;—and why shouldn’t I ? By-the-bye, if you come over to my place any day, nothing would give me greater pleasure : there is always something ready, and soldiers are not particular ; pot-luck is always open to you at Slinkstown, and you shall have a skinful of claret at all events.”

All these proffered civilities of the hero, who wanted to court the soldier’s favour, were but coldly received by the lieutenant, whose contempt for his cowardice was too great to be so easily overcome ; and the captain had the conversation very much to himself as they made their way to the low-lands. There, meeting a peasant driving his horse and car laden with unthrashed corn, the warlike justice of the peace stopped him, and declaring the fatigue of carrying home the captain’s body too much for the soldiers, ordered the peasant to back and unload his car, and bear the body to the town, which was the contrary direction to that in which he was going.

“What am I to do with the corn, your honour?” said the peasant timidly.

“Back it down on the road-side there,” was the answer.

The poor peasant scarcely ventured to *look* as if he thought it hard to throw down his corn in the open road, much less dare to *speak* an objection to the order; and unloosing the cords which bound the produce of his toil to his car that was bearing it to market, he was obliged to scatter his little harvest on the highway, and waste that which God had given to the living, for the service of the dead.

The lieutenant had remonstrated against this measure, but the *justice* was inexorable.

The body of the captain was laid on the car, a sheaf of corn being strown beneath him;—strange association of the sword and the ploughshare!

The car having been thus appropriated, the party moved onward; and the lieutenant's moodiness having increased, the justice addressed him in a cheering tone:

“Come, sir, don’t be down-hearted: ’tis a sad sight, to be sure, to see your comrade going home stiff; but at the same time, lieutenant, remember promotion is the life and soul of the army, and this will be a step for you.”

Such a remark, with the dead body of his fallen comrade before him, was so disgusting, that the soldier made no reply, rather than the one which his feelings would have prompted: so the justice proceeded:

“Very natural: of course you’d be sorry for a brother officer, you’ll miss him at mess to-day. By-the-bye, the last time I saw him at dinner was at Slinkstown; he had his legs under my mahogany last week, poor fellow! it’s oak they’ll be under next.

With a running fire of such sentimental conversation, did the noble captain persecute the lieutenant on their march; and, when his sentiment became exhausted, he took a turn on military affairs.

“By-the-bye, in the midst of *our* engagement, I forgot to ask you exactly how this

d—d affair took place to-day. Strange mistake of poor Daw to let himself be trapped: an ambuscade, you say?"

"Yes."

"Ah, no good military man ever gets into an ambuscade: as my friend Captain Skurry used to say, 'The moment you see your enemy in an ambush, have nothing to do with him.' Poor Daw!—very rash."

"He certainly was not a *coward*," said the lieutenant, in a tone that might have touched a nicer sense of hearing than Captain Slink's; "and as for his imprudence in this affair, the blame is very much lessened, when we remember he was led into the snare by the very person on whom he relied for guidance."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that old scoundrel, in advance there among my men, led us into the trap."

"You don't mean to say the tinkering vagabon' played false?"

"I do, though."

"My dear sir, why didn't you tell me this

before ?” Then, raising his tone to the pitch of military command, he cried “Halt !” The party obeyed. “Why didn’t you tell me this sooner ? and I would have hanged the old villain on the spot : however, we can do it now.—I say, you old scoundrel !” cried he to Solomon ; “come here, you d—d rebel ! you treacherous tinkering traitor !”

Solomon looked round in much alarm at the tone of this address ; and when he saw the menacing actions which accompanied the words, his heart sank within him.

“Get that rope ready,” said the justice, pointing to the one which had secured the load of corn to the car.

“You don’t mean to hang the man now ?” said the lieutenant.

“Don’t I ?” said Captain Slink ; “he’s not the first I’ve hanged at a short notice, nor won’t be the last, please God !—that’s the way to quiet the country.”

“I think it will be better to march him into

the town, and give him a court-martial before he's hanged: he deserves hanging certainly, and I have no doubt will be hanged, but it will be more regular to try him first."

"Pooh!" said the justice, "try him indeed! we'll try if he's proof against hemp,—*that's* the way to try rebels."

All this time Solomon stood trembling and unable to speak; but when two of the yeomanry corps advanced to lay hands on him, he made a gasping cry for mercy, and, having once gained the power of speech, addressed the lieutenant, and appealed to him for protection. "Sure, what would you hang me for? didn't I bring you to the place?"

"The less you say the better," said the lieutenant: "you brought us into an ambuscade, and you must answer for it; but you shall have a court-martial."

"I'll hang him on the spot," said the captain.

"I request you will not be precipitate, sir," said the lieutenant.

“ Oh Lord ! oh Lord ! ” screamed Solomon ;
“ and sure, didn't you see that they cotech me,
and wanted to murdher me for bringin' you on
thim ? ”

“ They caught you, certainly,” said the
lieutenant, “ to get you out of my hands when
you had betrayed us ; and it was in prevent-
ing your rescue our captain fell. So, say no
more about your innocence : but you shall not
die here ; you shall have a fair trial before a
court-martial.”

“ I say, he shall die on this spot ! ” said the
justice.

“ I would beg to represent to you, sir, that
this man is the prisoner of my party ; and as
you have had no share in the loss, I think you
are premature in the punishment. Let the
man be tried : I have no doubt he will be con-
demned to death ; but let him have at least a
trial.”

“ You say yourself he deserves hanging, —
and, by the living G—d ! I'll hang him up
like a dog.”

“ Suppose, sir, I don't choose to give him up to you ?”

“ I tell you what it is, sir !” said Slink, whose savagery increased whenever he could sniff blood with impunity—“ you seem to have been taking airs on yourself all day, and forget I am a magistrate, and that it is, in fact, under my authority you are acting at this minute ; and I warn you, sir, on pain of my complaint against you to your commanding officer, not to interfere with me in this affair.”

All this time Solomon, whose face was the colour of death, was trembling between the two yeomen, and faintly mumbling, “ Oh, God !—Lord, be merciful to me !” and other such ejaculations ; and by one of those strange and lightning touches of thought which bring before us the scene we least expect, he reverted to his meeting with Mary O'More the night before, when she adjured him by his grey hairs not to deceive her, and said, “ *Old man, you're not far off the grave !*” The remembrance came upon him like the sound of a

passing-bell, and from that instant he gave himself up for lost, and only begged for the love of God they would not hang him without letting him see a priest.

“ Oh, let me have a priest ! ” cried the trembling old sinner.

“ I wish we had one here,” said Slink, “ and I ’d hang him beside you with pleasure ! ”

The lieutenant, as the last argument, represented there was no place whereon to hang the old man, as the justice *would* have it so ; but to this Captain Slink replied,

“ That ’s all you know about it ! Now I ’ll give you a lesson in hanging may be useful to you yet, if you ’re in a hurry, as I am now, to get rid of a rebel.”

“ I ’m no rebel ! the God that hears me knows I never was a rebel ! ” faltered the old tinker — and it was one of the few truths he had ever uttered.

“ Unyoke that car,” said Justice Slink : “ take the captain’s body off, and lay it beside the ditch, till we finish this business. Do your

duty, Scroggins," said he to the trumpeter of his troop, who was a ruffianly dependant of his; and, nothing loth, the gentle Scroggins whipped the noose of the car-rope round the withered neck of old Solomon, who screamed as he felt his head within the loop.

"Turn up the car," said the justice.

The vehicle was thrown back on its end, and the shafts thus became sufficiently elevated to give a purchase for the fatal rope across the back-band; and as the coward captain cried, "Away with him!" the unfortunate tinker was dragged screaming to the impromptu gallows, and his cries were only smothered in the writhing twirl with which he swung upwards to his death.

The yeomanry corps gave a shout; but the soldiers looked on in silence, and the lieutenant in disgust.

"It will be soon over," said Justice Slink, "and then you can have the car again for the conveyance of the captain."

"Sir," said the lieutenant indignantly,

"*your gallows* shall never be the resting-place of a soldier ! Take up your captain, boys," added he to his men, who obeyed at the word, and, glad to escape from the scene of atrocity which was enacting, they turned from the yeomanry in the midst of their gibbeting glory, and gladly heard the word "March !" from the lieutenant.

"That fellow's disaffected, though he wears the king's cloth," said Slink, pointing after the lieutenant when he was out of hearing ; "and, by G—d ! I'll report him to the commanding officer."

"It would be only right," was answered by several of the corps.

"Things are come to a pretty pass indeed, when we are to be left unsupported by the military in the discharge of our duty, and endeavouring to pacify the country !"

"How d—d hard that old rascal's dying ;—your hand's out, Scroggins, to-day."

"He's a tough old thief," said Scroggins.

"Give him another pull, or he'll keep us

here all day," said the justice; "and it's beginning to rain, and there's no fun in getting wet to see a tinker hanging. D—n him! he will never die?—better finish him at once, and ride home. —Stand aside, Scroggins," added the captain as he drew a pistol from his holster; "we can't wait till he's dead, and we mustn't leave unfinished work behind us." And levelling his pistol as he spoke, he fired at the still-writhing body of the old man, whose mortal agonies terminated with the short muscular jerk which the bullet of Justice Slink produced as it passed through a vital part, and down dropped the legs of the suspended victim in the rigidity of death.

"Fall in!" said the captain to his troop as he returned his pistol to the holster; and the order of march was resumed when those who had dismounted regained their saddles.

The peasant whose car had been thus polluted, and who stood in speechless horror at the merciless act he was forced to witness, now took off his hat, and in the tone of humblest

humility said, "Plaze your honour, won't your honour be plazed to ordher the dead man to be taken down?"

"Take him down yourself," said the justice; "he won't do you any harm." And giving the word to his troop, away they rode, leaving the peasant looking after them in horror-stricken wonder how men could be such monsters.

When a bend of the road had shut out the horsemen from his sight, he turned with a feeling of loathing to where their victim was hanging between the shafts of the car, which industry had dedicated to the offices of peace, and had been laden with the fruits of plenty, but now bore the harvest of death.

The very thought of touching the body was revolting to him, and he stood gazing on the horrid sight motionless as the object that appalled him.

And there hung the old tinker, the end of his wily and worthless life being a violent death; and though many of his deeds were worthy of capital punishment, he died at last on suspi-

cion of one of the few crimes he had never committed.

While the peasant was still undecided as to how he should act, he perceived a traveller approaching,—not a traveller of high degree, but one from whom he might expect sympathy and assistance, for his bundle suspended at his back from a stick over his shoulder declared him to be of his own class. As he approached, the farmer was startled at tracing in his person the outlines of an old acquaintance, and exclaimed, “God be good to me ! but if ever he was alive in this world, it’s Rory O’More !”

The traveller still advanced ; and as he approached, his attention became riveted by the appalling sight that crossed his path, and he heeded not the peasant, when he came to a stand before the suspended body, until his wonder and horror had been so far recovered as to turn his eyes upon the living with an expression of inquiry in their silent gaze which was met by one of a similar expression on the part of him he looked upon. For a few seconds the

two men stood in silence: the traveller was the first to speak.

“Why, thin, don't you know me, Coghlan?”

“May the Lord save us, thin! and is it you that's in it?” said the farmer.

“Who else would it be?”

“Why, thin, Rory O'More, is that yourself?”

“Don't you see it's myself?”

“By the blessed light! I didn't know whether it was you, or your appearance* only: sure, we thought you wor dead. Oh, Queen of Heaven! and where wor you ever sence?”

“Sence when?”

“Sence your disappearance — God bless my sowl!”

“Oh, you mane when the vagabones tuk me away.”

“What vagabones?”

“Oh, you don't know about it! — I forgot. But will you tell me ——”

“Stop now,” said the farmer. “Tell me God's thruth, and is it yourself, Rory, in airn-

* Apparition.

est ? for it 's as grate a surprise to me as if you kem from the dead."

" Give us your fist," said Rory, advancing to take the farmer's hand, which was almost withdrawn in doubt of the mortal identity of the form that stood before him ; but the warm shake of Rory's hand dispelled his misgivings, and Rory then said,

" In the name o' God what 's this I see ?" and he pointed to the gallows.

" Why, what 's so wondherful in it ? Sure, they hang any one they like."

" Who ?" said Rory in wild wonder.

" Ah, I forgot you wor away all this time," said the farmer ; " and, indeed, well for you ! for they 're bad times for poor Ireland."

" Sure, I heerd they wor throubled times," said Rory ; " but I thought it was all over now."

" So it is," said the farmer despondingly. " It 's all over, sure enough ; and we 're down intirely."

" And if it 's all over, what 's this for ?" said Rory, pointing to the dead man.

"Oh, that's nothin'," said the farmer with a long-drawn sigh.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Rory. "Is it nothing, you say, to hang a man in the open road and lave him there like a scarecrow?"

"Throth, that's but the *sweepin's o' the barn*, Rory *avic*. Oh, but your heart would bleed if you knew how many is dead and gone sence you wor here!"

From the melancholy tone of the peasant's manner, Rory's apprehension applied to it a meaning touching himself, and clasping his hands, he said, with the urgency of terror in his manner, "My mother and Mary!—for God's sake tell me thruth!"

"They're safe," said the peasant.

"And Kathleen Regan?"

"Safe too, Rory."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Rory; and the tears sprang to his eyes at this sudden transition from alarm to security.

When he recovered his tranquillity, the peasant related the circumstances of Solomons'

death, and besought Rory to assist him in taking down the corse from where the hangman had left it.

The revolting task was performed; and as they had no immediate means of sepulture within their reach, all they could do was to lay the body in the adjoining field; and the peasant once more yoked his horse to the car, which he expressed the utmost loathing to use again.

“But what can I do?” said he. “I’m too poor to give it up; and sure, the blame is theirs, and not mine. But, wid all that, I can’t help rememberin’ it was made a gallows of: and here’s the mark o’ murdher on it!” added the peasant, with the expression of disgust on his countenance, as he took up a handful of straw and endeavoured to rub from the body of the car a few drops of blood which had trickled from the wound the pistol-shot produced.

After a few more words were exchanged between the peasants, they bade a melancholy

farewell to each other ; and with a low-toned "God speed you !" which, however, implied, in the fervency with which it was uttered, that they had need of Heaven's special protection, they parted, and each went his separate way.

CHAPTER XL

IN WHICH RORY SEEKS HIS HOME BUT FINDS IT NOT.

It was with a feeling of oppression at his heart that Rory parted from his newly-found acquaintance. What he had seen and taken part in was enough to influence the feelings of a less susceptible person ; meeting such an incident almost on the threshold of his home chilled the warm tide of anticipation which had borne him onwards in beguilement upon his return to his native place. But his mother and sister, and the girl of his heart, he was told, were safe and well ; which consoled him in the midst of all else that might grieve : and yet, though knowing this, Rory was not as happy as he had been before he encountered the hate-

ful scene he had left—as when, only in the hopefulness of his own nature, he felt at the end of a long journey every mile shorter that brought him nearer to his home.

Then, as he remembered the peasant's alarmed wonder at seeing him, and the supposition he implied to be a general one—namely, *that he was dead*, he fell into a train of painful thought at the notion of how much his mother and sister must have suffered at his absence. This made him resolve also to approach the cottage cautiously; and in case chance did not throw in his way some means of acquainting those he loved with his return, he cast about in his own mind how he might let them know it with the least possible surprise, should he himself be the person to inform them. “I must purtend to be a beggar, or somethin’ that way, and alther my voice, and spake like an owld man, and stoop and hobble, and all to that, and ask them for charity, and so let them know by degrees.”

In the revolving such schemes as these did

Rory pursue the road homewards, and at last a distant gleam of the river beside his native hills was like sunshine to his heart, and he stretched forward at a brisker pace, to lessen the distance between him and the little *boreen*, and the hazel hedges and the cottage which had so often appeared to him in his dreams while he was away ; and it was not long until the lane and the hedges were in sight, and Rory ran forward, hurried on by the fervour of his feelings. When he turned into the lane, he crept close to the hedge ; and while his heart thumped at his side with eagerness, he approached stealthily towards the cottage, lest his sudden appearance might produce alarm ; and as he got near the end of the lane, where the view of his native hut should soon be open to him, he paused for a few minutes to endeavour to overcome the choking sensation of anxiety which almost suffocated him, and made him tremble from head to foot. At last he determined on approaching the house and making himself known as cautiously as he could ; and

emerging from the shelter of the hazels, he walked forward the few paces that opened upon him the gable-end of his little cottage. A few paces more, and its front would be revealed : but what a shock for the heart of the poor wanderer was there ! Instead of the warm thatch he had left behind, the other naked gable stood staring coldly against the sky, and two or three ragged rafters crossed each other irregularly, their charred blackness too plainly telling the fate that had befallen the spot of his nativity.

He was petrified with horror at the sight, and for a few seconds the very stones on which he gazed were not more senseless than he.

On recovering himself, he approached the murky ruin in hurried and unequal steps, occasionally stopping and exclaiming in a tone of the deepest agony, " Oh, God !" He walked round and round it as if he dreaded to enter the blackened walls ; but at length he crossed the threshold, and the aspect of cold loneliness

where he had left warmth and companionship, fell like an avalanche upon his heart, and a long-drawn groan was all he could utter.

After the lapse of a few minutes, he turned round with a bewildered eye. His look fell upon the hearth where wet weeds were now growing, and the image of decay in that place of comfort smote him so touchingly that he burst into tears and wept profusely: it relieved the heart which was full nigh to bursting, and speech, hitherto frozen, thawed at the melting touch of tenderness.

“ And the fire is not there !—and where are they that sat beside it? Where are they ?— Oh, my God ! my God ! my heart will break ! And *he* towld me they were well. Oh, why did he desaive me ! Poor fellow, poor fellow ! maybe he hadn't the heart to tell me. Och hone ! och hone ! and is this what I'm come home to ! Mother, mother, where are you ! Mary dear, where can I find you ! or are *you* gone too, and am I alone within my own walls, with nothing

but the grass on my threshold! Oh, father, father! the gravestone over *you* is not so bleak as these blackened walls to me! Here, where I was nursed and reared, and grew up in love and tenderness; here, to have worse than a grave to come to!—Oh, well for me if I had died, and had never seen this day!”

He threw himself passionately against the ruins and wept convulsively.

After some moments of this vehement grief he looked once more upon the roofless walls around him, and an expression of intense agony again passed over his countenance as he exclaimed, “Oh, my Kathleen, and where are *you*! are you too without a house and home, and a wandherer on the world! And is the heart that adores you only come back to break over your ruined cabin, or, maybe, your grave! Oh, bitter was the day I was forced from you, to lave you, without the heart to love and the hand to guard you! Och hone! och hone! my life’s a load to me if thim I love has come to harm! And where am I to turn?—where

am I to find thim? I'm a sthranger on the spot I was born, and the fire o' my own hearth is quenched."

Again he looked on the ruined cabin, the fragments of charred rafters, and the thick-growing weeds; and though the sight made his blood run cold, yet he could not leave the spot: still he lingered there, making some fresh outpouring of his bitter grief as some new association was stirred within his mind. At length he left the desolated spot, and returned with a melancholy step up the little *bo-reen*; and after some minutes of consideration, determined on seeking Phelim O'Flanagan, to learn from him the extent of misfortune which had befallen all those who were dear to him.

He found old Phelim at home; and the surprise of the poor schoolmaster was extreme at the appearance of Rory. The first moment of alarm (for such his emotion amounted to) being past, he hugged him, and wept, and prayed, and thanked God for the restoration of his own boy,

as he called him, over and over again. Rory's instant inquiries for his mother and sister and Kathleen were answered satisfactorily; and the poor fellow dropped on his knees, in acknowledgement of Heaven's mercies.

"Oh, Phelim! a Turk would have pitied me," said Rory, "when I got the first sight of the cabin all tatthered to pieces, and the rafthers blackened with the fire!"

"'Faith, he would be a Turk, for sartin, if he didn't,—the barbarian savage of the Arawbian deserts might be enlightened with a tindher touch of pity for your sufferin's: for though he has no house nor home himself, sure, it 'ud be unnatharal if he wouldn't feel the loss of it for another,—for though he lives in the sands, by all accounts, and we live in mud, sure it's all as one, barrin' the difference of the material—as a *domus* is a *domus* howsomever it is built. Oh, to see the owld place burnt down was a sore sight! And how did you feel at all, Rory, my poor fellow, when you seen that?"

“ I felt as if my own heart was scorched,” said Rory.

“ 'Faith, that is as compleate a demonstheration of your feelin's as you could make — Q. E. D.”

“ Will you bring me to where *they* are?” said Rory.

“ To be sure I will, boy, and that smart. — The Lord keep us, how they'll be surprised !”

“ You must brake it to thim, Phelim, for fear they might get a fright.”

“ Sartinly, I'll expound it to thim by degrees ; and what with a dark hint, or a bright coruscation of the distant thruth, through the 'newindos I will give thim——”

“ Arrah, never mind the windows, man, but go in at the door at wanst, and don't keep me waitin' long without, for my heart is burstin' till I howld thim to it.”

“ I'm neither talkin' of windows nor doors, Rory ; but I say, that it is by distant scintil-

lations, as it were, that they must be prepared for the anticipation."

"'Faith, you may well call it an anticipation, for a man to be taken away for a year or better, and come back safe and sound afther all!"

"'Faith, you're a wondherful boy, Rory, sure enough! you are the rale *rara avis in terris*. How they'll be astonished!"

"Make haste, Phelim *agra* — I think every minit an hour till we go."

"We're off now," said the schoolmaster, fastening the door of his little hut and leading the way.

"The sun is low already, Rory *avic*, and it will be night before we get to Knockbrackin, so we had betther take to the fields, — for as the martial law is out still, we must keep off the road as much as we can."

"Sure, thin, if it's in Knockbrackin they are, I'll go by myself, and don't you be runnin' risks, Phelim."

"Arrah, Rory, do you think I'd miss seein' the pleasure that'll be in it this night wid the

meeting o' yiz all? No, in throth, — not for more money than I could count, though Gough and Voshther is familiar to me: so, come along, boy."

"God bless you, Phelim! the heart is warm in you."

"Thank God, and so it is," said Phelim. "Though I'm owld, it's not cowld; so, there's rhyme and rayson for you too. Come along, boy;" — and the old man led the way at a brisker pace than usual, the ardour of good-nature overcoming the languor of age.

CHAPTER XLI.

JOY VISITS THE HOUSE OF MOURNING BUT DOES NOT
SEEM TO LIKE HER QUARTERS.

It was night when Phelim and Rory reached the village. A gentle tap, given by Phelim at the door of a cabin standing somewhat apart from the rest, disturbed its inmates from the melancholy occupation in which they were engaged.

Four women who were praying beside a bed of straw whereon the dead body of a man was lying lifted their tearful eyes at the sound, and paused in their oraisons. The tap at the door was repeated; the women did not speak, but exchanged looks of alarm with each other, and more carefully screened the light than it

had been before: but to a third knock they arose from their knees and consulted in whispers with each other.

The corse was that of Shan Regan; the watchers were, his mother and sister, with the Widow O'More and Mary.

The rebels, at nightfall, had borne their fallen companion to the village, that the last offices for the departed might be performed by his family, although much risk attended the doing so; but the waking the dead is held so sacred amongst this affectionate people, that they were willing to incur every danger rather than a Christian should be consigned to the ground "like a dog," as they said themselves.

After some brief consultation, the women assumed as much composure as they could, and the door was opened with fear and trembling; but the presence of old Phelim restored them to security. On his observing the sad faces around him, he inquired the cause. The answer was not in words; but Kathleen, taking his hand and leading him over to the far cor-

ner of the cabin, withdrew a blanket which hung before the candle burning beside the dead body, and saying, "Look there!" relapsed into tears.

The women caught the infection, and renewed their lamentation, while Phelim stood silently gazing on the remains of Shan Regan.

"There!" said the Widow O'More,— "my poor owld neighbour has lost her son as well as me. Oh, aren't we to be pitied! — Though she's not so badly off afther all, for she knows the worst at laste, and has him to do the last duties by him; but my darlin' was taken from me unknownst, and I'll never see him agin!"

"Don't be so despairing, Mrs. O'More, my dear; you don't know but you may have your son restored to you yet."

"Never, never!" cried the widow.

"There's marvillious conjunctions sometimes, my dear ma'am, wherein the Almighty demonstherates his dispinsations accordin' to his own blessed will, and in his own good time; and do you know I have certain mis-

givin's, or I may say lucubrations, that it will turn out your son will turn up."

The widow looked at the schoolmaster very intently as he proceeded with his speech, and, though not clearly understanding him, yet through the mist of hard words caught at his meaning; and there was something in his manner which implied so much of assurance, that she held her eyes fixed on him with a look of eager inquiry as she said,

"Why, thin, what do you mane, Phelim?"

"I mane that you should not be surprised out o' your life if God was good to you some time or other; and no knowin' the day or the hour that Rory might be promiscuously, as I may say, restored to us in an individual manner, and without that preparation or hallucination requizit for sudden surprises or——"

"Phelim," interrupted Mary, "I'm sure you've heerd something, or you wouldn't talk this way, and come here at this time o' night. For Heaven's sake, tell us at wanst if you *do* know anything of Rory."

Kathleen had been attracted as well as Mary by Phelim's last words, and was so overcome by agitation as to sink to a seat; and her eyes being turned towards the door, which stood ajar, became suddenly riveted on a figure in the gloom beyond it,—for Rory having drawn as close to the entrance as he could, to hear the sound of the loved voices within, had come within range of Kathleen's eager eye.

Before Phelim could answer Mary's adjuration, a faint scream from Kathleen called Mary's attention upon her, and she beheld her with clasped hands and fascinated gaze looking through the door, as she exclaimed, "Great God, he's there!"—and she buried her face in her hands as she spoke, and fell backwards.

Phelim caught her, or she must have dropped to the ground; while Mary and her mother rushed to the door, whose threshold Rory's foot had just crossed, and the long-lost wanderer was clasped at the same instant in the arms of his mother and sister. After a long and ten-

der embrace of each, he hastened to Kathleen, who still kept her face covered. Kneeling beside her, Rory besought her to look upon him, and gently endeavoured to withdraw her hands; but the poor girl trembled violently, while she could only breathe in long-drawn sighs,—and it was some time before her lover could prevail upon her to behold him. Tremulously parting her hands, she looked upon Rory for a few moments, and then again screened her eyes, as though the sight of him had been sunshine to them and could not be supported: but in that one look, there was so much of timorous delight, so much of child-like joy, seeming afraid almost to trust its own happiness, that Rory's heart drank full of delight, and clasping her wildly in his arms, he exclaimed, “She's my own!—she's my own!”

The melting girl dropped into his embrace, and as her arms hung round his neck, she wept as she had wept before for her brother.

But the tears were not from the same

source.—How wondrous near do the founts of joy and sorrow lie in the human heart !

After the first burst of welcome and joy was over, Rory's eye fell upon the figure of Kathleen's mother sitting silently and steadfastly in her chair, as if she belonged not to the scene—nor did she : — to her, her dead son was dearer than her daughter's living lover. Her head was turned away, for she looked upon the corse of Regan, which was screened from Rory's observation ; but he, advancing towards her to claim her welcome, started and stood still when he saw the object of her melancholy contemplation. He turned an inquiring glance to Mary and Kathleen : the former spoke :

“ Ah, Rory, you 've come back to see sore trouble ! ”

“ He 's dead *now*, Rory,” said Kathleen. The few words were given in a tone which spoke a history : the meaning travelled over the past—it spoke of injuries inflicted, of wrath and wrongs, and implied that Forgiveness was the hand-maiden of Death. Rory felt all the mean-

ing, but his generous heart needed not the appeal: he approached the dead body, and kneeling beside it, took the lifeless hand and said, "Shan—though you would not be my friend in life, we're friends now." He laid the hand gently down, and raising his own in the action of prayer, said fervently, "May his soul rest in glory!" then rising from his knees, he approached Kathleen, who flung herself in a passion of tears on his neck and sobbed forth audibly, "God bless you—God bless you, Rory!"

It was an exciting scene which that cabin exhibited. There was grief over the dead, and joy over the living; one had been hurried out of life, and another returned as if from the grave. Words are weak in comparison with human passion, and better may such a scene be conceived than related.

But the startling adventures of the day and night were not yet over. Information had been conveyed to the yeomanry corps, that the body of a rebel was being waked in the village; and whenever such an event took place, they always

sought to find where this observance to the dead was performed, for the purpose of discovering those who respected a rebel so far, and marking them, if not for vengeance, at least for *surveillance*.

It was in the middle of the night, while Rory was recounting to his family the circumstances of his mysterious disappearance, that a loud knocking at the door and fierce demands for immediate entry alarmed them. Before the door could be unbarred to the summons, it was burst open by a blow from the butt-end of a carbine, and Justice Slink, followed by some of his corps, entered the cabin. The scene which ensued it is impossible to describe — there was insult to the living and the dead, and Rory was laid violent hands on, as the murderer of Scrubbs:—to explain at such a moment was impossible; every attempt he made to do so was met by curses and blows; and he was dragged from amongst the shrieking women, hurried to the county jail, and committed to abide his trial as a murderer

CHAPTER XLII.

CONTAINING AN EXPLANATORY LETTER.

As soon as De Lacy and Rory arrived in Dublin from Bordeaux, the latter lost not an hour in proceeding southward, to appease the yearnings of his heart after home. But De Lacy remained in the capital to transact various necessary business with his lawyer respecting his newly-acquired property.

It was with surprise and sorrow he received the following letter a few days after Rory's departure: the address ran thus, penned in a round text:

To his Honour Horatio
De Lacy Esquire to be
left at Counsel^r Casey's
Dominick S^t Dublin.

The missive was closed with a wafer and bore the impression of a thimble by way of seal,

and when handed to De Lacy by his lawyer on his entering his study, excited no small surprise.

“ Who the deuce can this be from !” said De Lacy, turning the letter over three or four times.

The lawyer pointed to the impression of the thimble, and giving a knowing wink, replied, “ You soldiers are terrible fellows among the girls !”

“ We'll see what fair correspondent this is from,” said De Lacy as he broke the seal. These were the contents :

“ HONOURED SIR

“ NEMO mortalium in omnibus horis sapit as is iligantly remarked by the Classicks which is my own case at this present writin for I know more know whats to be done then the babe unborn in the regard of his life been in danger as they will hang him if posable unless you can sthreck him out sum way to purvint it been surrounded as we are I may say with truth with sarcumvallations more cute-

aneous and perplexn then the Walls of Troy or the Lăbŷrynthus of Crete where the miniature was kept and Diddle-us himself could not get out in short we are in the verry centre of a hobble and wishes you to know it knowin youl be plased to do all in your power for the poor boy who they tuk to jail the minit he came home from the poor women who is brakin their harts and they wont blieve the blaggards I mane what he ses about it but wants to make out he murdhered the Killecthr which he never done though God knows it would be no loss and this is to insense you on that same and ax your honours advice which is no good Im afeard in regard of the villians that is thurstin for his blood which they will have barrin it can be saved and knowin none can do that same but yourself seein that you are a gintleman every inch o you and no less and was always our frind and his frind and I know will do all mortal man can do for him and from him and his they offer you their prayrs and blessins as of owld and hopes youl stand to them now and

they will ever pray and so will I who respects
 your honour more then tongs can tell for min-
 shuration could not measure the profunditty
 of my reverence for your honour which will
 inkrase in a jommethrical ratio to the ind of
 Time From your Honours

Obagent Sarvent

To Command

PHELIM OFLANAGAN

Philomath.

The mingled senses of the ridiculous and the serious which this letter excited produced an effect upon De Lacy not unnoticed by the lawyer.

“What the deuce *is* that you 're reading?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Because your brow and your mouth are playing at cross purposes; for while gloom sits on the one, mirth is twitching at the other.”

“The face is the index of the mind,” said De Lacy: “it is a true saying. There,—read

that, and you'll know more about the matter ;” and he handed him the letter.

The young barrister laughed at the extraordinary epistle, and when he concluded the reading of it, declared it to be one of the most extraordinary documents which had ever come under his inspection ; “ but in one respect,” added he, “ it does not fulfil your representation of it.”

“ How so ?” asked De Lacy.

“ You said, as you gave it to me, I should know more of the business ; and I confess I am yet as ignorant on that point as when I began. You who are acquainted, I suppose, with the circumstances of the person and case alluded to, may be enabled to make a guess at the matter ; but to a stranger it is perfectly hieroglyphic.”

“ Don't you see they have taken him to jail on a charge of murder !”

“ And who is *him*, pray ?”

“ Rory O'More, to be sure :—does not the letter say so ?”

“ Indeed, it does not—nor one tangible fact. *You may guess* what all this extraordinary composition means; but I defy any one to arrive at any knowledge from the thing itself: it has neither mention of name (except the magniloquent writer) nor of distinct fact, nor even time nor place specified. Look yourself: there is neither date nor address.”

“ It is so, I perceive, now that you remark it; but I know whence it comes and to what it alludes, and it gives me deep concern.”

“ Let us see the post-mark,” said the lawyer as he turned to the outside of the letter. “ Ha!—from the South, I see.”

“ Yes,” said De Lacy; “ that’s the post-town of the district; so far right, but there is no date! However, it matters not much, for ’tis but a few days since the poor fellow left me for home, and now he is in jail on a charge of murder, of which I know he is innocent!”

“ Then your evidence can acquit him.”

“ Certainly,” said De Lacy. “ But it is

too hard an innocent man must lie in jail on a false charge."

"He will not lie there long, for they make short work of accusations and trials now; so tell me all about it," said the lawyer, "and we'll see what can be done."

De Lacy then entered into an explanation of the circumstances connected with Rory's and the Collector's abduction, together with the nature of his first connexion with O'More, and the cause of his being an inmate of his cottage; and when he had concluded, the barrister shook his head and said it was an awkward affair.

"At all events, I will at once go to the South, and see him."

"You must do no such thing. You forget the state this country is in; and after all you have told me, your presence in his behalf would be quite enough to hang him."

"And must I let the poor fellow lie in prison without hope or comfort?"

"Certainly not. *I* will see him, if you like; and there will be much more hope for him in

that, and much more comfort to you and him in having his life *saved* through my intervention than put in jeopardy through yours."

"Thanks to you, my dear friend!" said De Lacy. "There is nothing by which you can oblige me more than by an immediate attention to this affair, and no expense can be incurred which I will not willingly pay for this poor fellow's safety. How soon can you go down? for I wish him to be assured as quickly as possible of every care being taken of him."

"There is no time to be lost; for special commissions are now holden all over the country."

"I *must* go with you," said De Lacy.

"I insist on your not seeing the prisoner."

"To that I submit; but I would not for worlds be far away from him at such a time!—I cannot tell you how I value him;—I may say, the affection I have for him."

"Well, you may come down with me to the town, and remain *incog.* at the inn, if

you like ; but I assure you, if your presence in the country becomes known to the prosecuting parties, it will be all the worse for your friend Rory."

"I will be as cautious as you can desire—in short, I will put myself quite under your control."

"Very well, then ; we'll start the day after to-morrow."

CHAPTER XLIII.

RORY INDULGES IN GLOOMY ANTICIPATIONS.

WHEN De Lacy and his friend reached the town where Rory was confined, the lawyer lost not a moment in visiting the prisoner, making himself possessed of the facts of his case, and assuring him of every care being taken of him by De Lacy, "who would in person have told you all this," said the barrister, "but that I recommended him, considering the state the country is in, not to show himself in this business, as it would only do more harm than good; but he is in the town, O'More, as he is most anxious to know the result of the trial, the moment it is over."

"God bless him!" said Rory; "he was

always good and kind to me; and tell him, if you plaze, sir, that I 'm sinsible of all he 's done for me, and even if I should die, I won't forget it all the same."

"It would puzzle you to remember it after you die, O'More. But banish such melancholy thoughts, my man,—don't think of dying."

"Faith, I hear it 's a bad chance with any poor fellow who comes here of late, since the bad times. I hear they come in at the door, and go out at the window with a bal-kinny that has a very unsafe bottom to it; and for fear they should hurt thimselves in tumblin' through it, they tie a bit o' sthring to thim, to brake the fall."

The lawyer could not suppress a smile at this ludicrous description of the fatal drop which Rory looked forward to as his new means of exit, but, in a gentle and soothing tone, desired him to be of good cheer and not to let his heart fail him.

"Tut, sir! don't think I fear to die bekaze

I spake of it—I don't desearve death, and it won't be my portion if I get fair play; but, livin' or dyin', I 'm ready to prove myself a man, and I 'm sure my poor mother and sister will always have a good frind in Misther De Lacy, and so my mind 's aisy on that score; and as for dyin', a man must die some time or other, and whenever I 'm called I 'll not flinch."

"Right, Rory!—that 's like the philosophers."

"I dunna who *thim* wor; but it 's like a man, anyhow."

"Good-b'ye, O'More! — I 'll see you soon again," said the lawyer as he left him.

On his return to De Lacy, he expressed a good deal of fear as to the difficulty of Rory's case, and acknowledged the circumstances bore hardly against him.

"I can prove he was taken away by force."

"And how will you account for your own disappearance to France? The mere fact of your going there convicts you of doing what your own life might pay the forfeit of."

“No matter,” said De Lacy, “if my testimony can benefit Rory.—Do you think I would live at the expense of that fine fellow’s life?”

“Certainly not; but you cannot *prove* anything in his favour.”

“Yes, I can: I know the Collector was not murdered, but was alive in De Welskein’s lugger when I took Rory out of his hands.”

“Did you see him?”

“No.”

“Then you cannot *prove* anything doing him a pin’s point of service — you perceive you can’t.”

De Lacy was obliged to admit the truth of this, and by dint of great persuasion on the part of his friend was induced to keep himself *incog.* at the inn; for nothing but the assurance of his presence in the country being detrimental to Rory could have restrained him from visiting his prison, and also going to offer comfort to his mother and sister.

It is needless to dwell on the interval which elapsed between this period and Rory’s trial,

to which De Lacy looked forward with a feverish anxiety scarcely exceeded by those of his own blood or even poor Kathleen; and when the anxious day arrived which was to determine Rory's fate, De Lacy pressed the hand of the friendly lawyer, on his leaving him to go to the court, with a parting appeal to use every exertion, and an aspiration to Heaven for his success.

“There is one thing in the poor fellow's favour, however,” said the barrister: “he appears before a merciful judge; Lord A—n—e sits on this commission.”

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE OF TRIAL BY JURY.

THE court was crowded on the day of Rory's trial: the galleries were occupied by the gentry for many miles round, and all the magistrates of the district were in attendance; Justice Slink, the most important of the number. Sweeny was beside the counsel for the prosecution, and as busy as his mischievous and meddling nature could desire. Close beside the front of the dock stood three women whose anxious countenances at once proclaimed them to be deeply interested in the prisoner, for at every fresh movement in the court they turned their eyes towards the entrance of the dock in expectation of beholding him. They were Rory's mother, his sister, and Kathleen. At length, to the sum-

mons of "Make way there, make way !" the crowd swayed to and fro ; the drawing of heavy bolts was heard, the door of the dock opened, and Rory O'More, in custody of the jailor, entered the place of peril.

" Oh, my darlin', my darlin' !" cried his mother in a heart-breaking tone as she rushed to the bar and stretched her hand over it towards her boy, who came forward and clasped it.

" Stand back !" said one of the constables before the bar, restraining the widow.

" Oh, don't be so hard-hearted !" said she.

" You must stand back !"

" Just let me give him one kiss !— I haven't seen him these three weeks."

" Silence in the court !" thundered the crier ;
" hats off— room for my lord the judge !"

Lord A—— now appeared upon the bench, and some of the magistrates took their seats there also. Slink was at his side, and appeared to be more officious than was agreeable. The jury was now sworn ; and as no challenges were made, the judge asked, had the prisoner no

counsel. Being answered in the affirmative, he ordered the trial to proceed.

While these preliminaries were going forward, Mary O'More and Kathleen were exchanging signs of affection with Rory, who returned to their clasping of hands and upraised and tearful eyes, (expressive of their prayers to the Almighty for his safety,) a bright look of confidence, and even a smile, not of levity, but of tenderness: such as offended not against the solemnity of the occasion, but was meant to inspire those he loved with hope.

To the indictment the women listened with breathless anxiety; and its various counts, repetitions, and involvement, puzzled them so excessively, that they at last began to doubt whether what was going forward was in any way connected with Rory, and their sense of hearing became blunted to the monotonous terms of the rigmarole that was being read, till they were startled from their quiet by a sudden call of "Prisoner at the bar." They looked alternately between the clerk and Rory while the

formula of asking the prisoner what he pleaded was gone through ; and after Rory's declaration of his innocence in the legal form, the trial commenced.

The counsel for the prosecution made a flaming speech. The exordium consisted of the worn-out common-places of the day, about the demon of revolution, the hydra faction, — of the times teeming with terror and torrents of blood. He then reminded the jury of the rebellion which had only just been put down, and congratulated himself, and them and every loyal man, that their throats were left uncut to “ proclaim the proud pre-eminence of their glorious constitution, and to denounce the ruffian rabble that sought its overthrow.” He then came to the facts of the case before them—representing Scrubbs as “ an amiable and worthy gentleman, torn from the bosom of his family, and savagely slaughtered by the prisoner at the bar. The disappearance of Mr. Scrubbs, gentlemen, must be fresh in all your memories ; but I think it necessary to re-

mind you of the principal points which will appear in evidence, and I feel confident that not a shadow of doubt will remain upon your minds that the prisoner at the bar has been guilty of the most flagrant, flagitious, bloody, and mysterious murder." He then went over the details very minutely, and wrought such a case out of the circumstances (which were of themselves sufficiently suspicious to put Rory's life in jeopardy in the best of times), that when he sat down, every one in the court gave up poor Rory for lost, and his mother murmured in a low moan as she wrung her hands, "He's gone, he's gone! my darling's gone!—they'll have his life, they will!"

The counsel for the prosecution next commenced his examination of witnesses. Justice Slink, Sweeny, and others who examined the glen of the Folly, swore to the finding of the crow-bar near the ruins, the appearances of a struggle upon the spot, &c. &c. Larry Finnegan was then called to identify the crow-bar as

the one he had given to Rory upon the day of Scrubbs's disappearance ; he was also questioned as to the previous meeting of Scrubbs and Rory at the "Black Bull," and their departure thence in company : but Larry's anxiety was so great to avoid saying anything which would prejudice Rory, that he did him more harm than good by his hesitation, and the prosecuting counsel called the attention of the jury to the disinclination the witness had to disclose the truth. "You see plainly he wants to save the prisoner."

"Arrah, thin, do you want me to sware away his life?" said Finnegan. "'Faith, I'd be sorry to do that !"

"God bless you !" said the poor mother.

"Silence in the court !" roared the crier.

"You hear him, gentlemen?" said the prosecuting counsel.

"For God's sake !" said Rory from the dock, "tell the whole thruth and I'm not afeard."

"Prisoner, be silent !" said the counsel.

Lord A—— cast a searching glance upon

Rory, whose demand for the *whole* truth seemed to impress his lordship favourably; and his bright and open look also pleaded for him, in the judge's benevolent heart.

The evidence proceeded.

Counsel. You say that the prisoner at the bar and the late Mr. Scrubbs——”

The counsel for the defence here interposed, and said he objected to the term, the *late* Mr. Scrubbs, as it was assuming the fact he was dead, which was not proven. The examination then proceeded.

Counsel. The prisoner at the bar and the late—I beg pardon —*Mister* Scrubbs were the last to leave the “Black Bull” on that day?

Witness. Yis, sir.

Counsel. How did they go?

Witness. They wint out o' the door, sir.

Counsel. I don't suppose they went out of the window. I mean, did they leave about the same time?

Witness. They wint together, sir.

Counsel. Both out of the door at once ?

Witness. No, Mr. Scrubbs wint first.

Counsel. And the prisoner after ?

Witness. Yis.

Counsel. Then he followed him ?

Witness. Yis.

Counsel. You observe, gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Scrubbs went *first*, and the prisoner *followed* him.

Witness. Why, you wouldn't have him go *before* the gintleman !

Counsel. Silence, sir ! Remember *that*, gentlemen—he *followed* Mr. Scrubbs.

There was a good deal more of examination which it would be uninteresting to record ; and after the landlord of the “ Black Bull ” had been bullied and tormented as much as the counsel chose, he said, “ You may go down, sir.”

Larry Finnegan delighted to escape, scrambled from the witness's chair, and was rushing off the table, when Rory's counsel interposed and said, “ I beg your pardon—don't go down yet.”

“Oh !” said the counsel for the crown, “*you* want to cross-examine him do you ?”

“*I believe I have a right, sir,*” was the young barrister’s reply.

“Why, sure, what crosser examination can you gi’ me than the one I got ?” said poor Finnegan.

“Sit down, sit down, my man,” said the counsel encouragingly. “Now don’t be in a hurry, don’t be alarmed ; take your time, and answer me quietly a few questions I shall ask you. You say some conversation passed between the prisoner and Mr. Scrubbs at your house ?

Witness. Yis, sir—they wor spakin’ together for some time.

Counsel. I think you mentioned that Mr. Scrubbs asked the prisoner, was he going home ?

Witness. He did, sir.

Counsel. And the prisoner *was* going home ?

Witness. Yis, sir.

Counsel. Mr. Scrubbs’s road home lay the same way, I believe ?

Witness. It did, sir.

Counsel. Then he and the prisoner *could not help* going the same road?"

Witness. They could not, sir.

Counsel. Mr. Scrubbs went out of the door first?

Witness. Yis, sir.

Counsel. And the prisoner after?

Witness. Yis, sir.

Counsel. Immediately?

Witness. That minit.

Counsel. Then, what do you mean by saying he followed him?

Witness. I mane, he folly'd him the way a poor man would folly a gentleman, of coorse.

Counsel. I beg your attention, gentlemen of the jury, to this explanation of the witness's meaning, upon which the opposite counsel has put a false construction.

Was the crow-bar you gave the prisoner his or yours?

Witness. It was his, sir: he lint it to me, and kem that day to ax for it.

Counsel. He *came* to ask for it, did he? —

then it was for that particular purpose he went to your house that day?

Witness. It was, sir.

Counsel. Before he saw Mr. Scrubbs at all?

Witness. Yis, sir.

Counsel. I beg you to remember *this* also, gentlemen of the jury. You may go down, witness.

Larry Finnegan again attempted to descend from the table, but was interrupted by the counsel for the prosecution; and the look of despair which the countenance of mine host of the "Black Bull" assumed was almost ludicrous. "Is it *more* you want o' me?" said he.

Counsel. A few questions. Sit down.

Larry scratched his head, and squeezed his hat harder than he had done before, and resumed his seat in bitterness of spirit; but his answers having latterly all gone smooth, he felt rather more self-possessed than he had done under his previous examination by the prosecuting counsel, and his native shrewdness was less under the control of the novel

situation in which he was placed. The bullying barrister, as soon as the witness was seated, began in a thundering tone thus:—

Counsel. Now, my fine fellow, you say that it was for the particular purpose of asking for his crow-bar that the prisoner went to your house?

Witness. I do.

Counsel. By virtue of your oath?

Witness. By the varth o' my oath.

Counsel (*slapping the table fiercely with his hand*).—Now, sir, *how* do you know he came for that purpose? Answer me *that*, sir!

Witness. 'Faith, thin, I'll tell you. When he came into the place that morning, it was the first thing he ax'd for; and by the same token, the way I remimber it is, that when he ax'd for the crow-bar he lint me, some one stan'in' by ax'd what *I* could want with a crow-bar; and Rory O'More with that said, it wasn't me at all, but the mistriss wanted it (Mrs. Finnegan, I mane). "And what would Mrs. Finnegan want wid it?" says the man. "Why," says Rory, "she makes the punch so sthrong, that she

bent the spoons sthrivin' to stir it, and so she borrowed the crow-bar to mix the punch."

A laugh followed this answer, and even Rory could not help smiling at his own joke thus retailed; but his mother, and Mary, and Kathleen, looked round the court, and turned their pale faces in wonder on those who could laugh while the life of him they adored was at stake, and the sound of mirth at such a moment fell more gratingly on their ears than the fierce manner of the bullying prosecutor.

But the witness was encouraged, for he saw his examiner annoyed, and he took a hint from the result, and lay in wait for another opportunity of turning the laugh against his tormentor. He was not long in getting such an opening; and the more he was examined in hope of shaking his testimony, the less the prosecutor gained by it. At length the counsel received a whisper from Sweeny, that the fellow was drunk.

"He has his wits most d—nably about him, for all that," said the lawyer.

“ He has been drinking all the morning — I can prove it,” said Sweeny; “ and you may upset his testimony, if you like, on that score.”

“ I ’ll have a touch at him, then,” said the lawyer.

When the jury perceived the same witness still kept on the table, and a re-examination for the prosecution entered upon, they became wearied, and indeed no wonder; for the silk-gowned gentleman became excessively dull; and, had he possessed any tact, must have perceived from the demeanour of the jury that his present course of proceeding was ill-timed: yet he continued; and in violation of all custom sought to invalidate the testimony of the man he himself had called as a witness: but Larry’s cross-examination having favoured the prisoner, the crown counsel became incensed, and abandoned all ceremony and discretion, which at length was noticed by the Bench.

“ I beg your pardon, my lord, but I am anxious to *sift* this witness.”

“ By gor!” said Finnegan, “ if you wor

to sift me from this till to-morrow, the divil a grain more you'll get out o' me!—and indeed you've been gettin' nothin' but chaff for the last half-hour."

The answer had so much of truth in it, that the counsel became doubly annoyed at the suppressed laugh he heard around him; and then he determined to bring up his heavy artillery, and knock Larry to atoms.

Counsel. Now, sir, I've just a question or two that you'll answer by virtue of your oath.

The Bench. Really, Mr. —

Counsel. I beg your ludship's pardon — but it is absolutely important. Now, by virtue of your oath, haven't you been drinking this morning?

Witness. To be sure I have.

Counsel. How much did you drink?

Witness. 'Faith, I don't know: I never trouble myself keepin' 'count, barrin' I'm sarvin' the customers at home.

Counsel. You took a glass of whiskey before breakfast, of course?

Witness. And glad to get it !

Counsel. And another after ?

Witness. Av coorse — when it was to be had.

Counsel. When you came into the town, you went to a public-house, I hear, and were drinking *there*, too, before you came into court ?

Witness. Oh, jist a thrifle among some frinds.

Counsel. What do you call a trifle ?

Witness. Four pots a' porther and a quart o' sper'ts.

Counsel. Good God ! Gentlemen of the jury, listen to this : — a gallon of porter and a quart of whiskey !

Witness. Oh, but that was betune six iv uz !

Counsel. Then, sir, by your own account you 're drunk at this moment.

Witness. Not a bit.

Counsel. On your oath — remember your oath, sir — do you think, after drinking all you yourself have owned to, you are in a state to give evidence in a court of justice ?

Witness. — 'Faith, I think a few glasses only helps to brighten a man ! — and, betune our-

selves, Counsellor ——, I think you'd be a grate dale the better of a glass *yourself* this minit."

The laugh which this rejoinder produced finished "the counsellor," and he sat down without roaring, as usual, at the witness, "Go down, sir." But Larry kept his seat until the laugh was over; and not receiving the ordinary mandate to retire, he looked at the discomfited barrister with the most provoking affectation of humility, and said, "Do you want me any more, sir?"

This renewed the laugh, and Finnegan retired from the table under the shadow of his laurels.

After some more stupid examination of other witnesses, and tedious blundering on the part of this legal wiseacre, the case for the prosecution closed, and Rory's counsel commenced his defence.

After some preliminary observations on the manner in which the case had been conducted on the other side, and the disingenuousness exhibited by his "learned friend" in endeavour-

ing to pervert the meaning of some of the witnesses,—among others, that of the landlord of the Black Bull,—the counsel requested the jury to divest the evidence of the mystery which had been studiously thrown round it, until he had stripped it by cross-examination to its pure and simple state ; and in that state he begged of them to look upon it. “ It is the more necessary, gentlemen,” said he, “ because it is a case of circumstantial evidence ; and it behoves you to weigh such evidence most scrupulously, when the life of a fellow-creature depends upon it. This is doubly necessary in this case, inasmuch as the prisoner stands in a painfully perplexing situation, by having no means of rebutting the charges against him by contrary *living* evidence, all the persons bearing a part in the transaction wherein he was forcibly carried away being dead or beyond our reach : for you know, gentlemen, how many lives have been sacrificed within the brief but terrible period through which we have just passed ! I will produce, however, in evidence an examination

sworn to before a magistrate who is now in this court, by one Solomon Slevin, since dead."

"Yes, gentlemen," said the counsel for the prosecution, "he is dead indeed, for he has been hanged since he swore it; so you may guess how much his deposition is worth."

The young barrister thus interrupted turned an indignant and reproachful look on the crown lawyer as he sat down, and said, "I cannot help remarking, that I never met a more ungenerous observation in the course of my practice." Then turning to the jury, he continued, "You have been told, gentlemen, with a view of prejudicing the evidence I have put in, that the person who deposed to the facts therein contained—facts, gentlemen, that must acquit my client,—I repeat it, that *must* acquit him in the minds of unprejudiced men, as I am sure you will prove yourselves to be;—you have been told, I say, *that* person was since hanged: but I will ask the learned gentleman who has so cruelly endeavoured to destroy the only hope of life my client has left,—I will ask him, since

he provokes the question, was that person *legally* hanged?—He will not answer that, gentlemen,—he cannot—he dare not; and if that person suffered death *illegally*, it is monstrous that the fact should be put forward in a court of justice, to support the course of the law of which the fact itself was a flagrant violation.”

“He deserved hanging,” interrupted the counsel for the crown.

“You are told he deserved hanging, gentlemen; but before you give a verdict on that assertion, I expect you will ask, did the punishment result from the verdict of a jury and the sentence of a judge? And if it did not, I trust, gentlemen, you will not, by receiving such evidence, violate the sanctuary of justice, by letting a man’s life depend on individual opinion, nor take a receipt in full for human blood from the hands of any man, even a justice of the peace or a king’s counsel.” And he looked significantly at the guilty magistrate on the bench, and upon the prosecuting counsel, as he spoke.

One of the jury remarked, in no very amiable tone, to the barrister,

“ You seem to forget, sir, that martial law exists in this country at present.”

“ Forget it, sir !” said the young advocate reproachfully ; “ G—d forbid I could have a heart so callous as to forget it ! Have I not seen the lamp-irons of our streets made the ready gibbet for the readier vengeance of martial law, as if they selected them to enlighten the public by the promptness of their military measures ? Forget it, sir !—no ! nor you, nor I, nor our children after us, shall forget it ! But terrible as the tribunal of a court-martial is,—even when called at the drum-head, I would not venture here to condemn, however I may lament, the punishment which is recognised by the law. But this deponent of whom I speak,—this poor old helpless man—had not even a drum-head to look to, the only likeness to it being the emptiness of the head whose ferocious folly condemned him ; but without word of evidence,

or question of life and death, even amongst his own troop, this captain-magistrate hanged the wretched man! — Yes, gentlemen, he was hanged, untried and unshriven, less like a Christian than a dog! And yet, this is the condemnation which is called in to invalidate the testimony of the condemned man! — Condemned, do I say? Gentlemen, I cannot contain my indignation; I will *not* say the man was condemned, for the term bears with it the seeming of legal punishment: he was not *condemned*—he was *murdered*!”

From the first allusion made to the hanging of Solomon, Justice Slink seemed rather uncomfortable. As the advocate warmed into indignation, the captain seemed to wince under the lash; and though his brow darkened and his face assumed a vengeful expression, yet was he afraid to lift his eye to meet the bright indignant glance of the young barrister: but when at last the atrocious act he had committed was called by its right name, and he was denounced as a murderer in open court, he dared

to keep his seat no longer, but hurried from the bench, forgetting in his confusion to make the customary obeisance to the judge.

Retiring to one of the rooms of the court-house appropriated to the accommodation of the magistracy, he sent for Sweeny, and gave, through him, special instructions to the counsel for the prosecution to animadvert in his speech in reply upon the defendant barrister's "atrocious attack" upon a loyal magistrate, and to represent to the jury how the military party had been entrapped into an ambuscade by the tinker, who therefore '*had every right to be hanged*.' "And," added the magisterial captain, "if any other judge than that milk-and-water Lord A—— (who is half a rebel himself) was on the bench, the Jacobite rascal who is prating would not have been permitted to hold such language against a loyal man."

Sweeny returned to the court on his mission, and found the speech for the defence just about to conclude; the advocate trusting to the docu-

mentary evidence put in for the acquittal of his client.

The jury were little more pleased than Justice Slink himself at the boldness of the young lawyer: for hanging-made-easy was more to their taste than is desirable in gentlemen who sit on capital cases, and they made no scruple of showing by their looks that the speech for the prisoner was far from agreeable.

When the prosecuting counsel rose to reply, they bestowed upon him the most marked attention; and he proceeded to fill up the outline given to him by Sweeny at Captain Slink's desire. After defending the act of hanging the tinker, he asked them, how could they believe the testimony of a rebel, who had suffered death for betraying the king's troops into an ambuscade; and which very testimony was given for the purpose of hoodwinking a magistrate, and very likely with a view to screen the prisoner at the bar, who stood in the awkward predicament of being open to the suspicion of being just as

much a rebel as any of them? “You are told, gentlemen, he was out of the country all the time of the rebellion,—that he was in France: and what brought him there, I ask? We have not been told what. It was a very suspicious place to be in, at all events.”

In this strain was he proceeding, when his speech was interrupted by a bustle in the court, caused by the fainting of Kathleen Regan, whose fears for Rory's life were wrought to such a pitch that she sunk beneath them, and much disturbance was occasioned by the movement of the dense crowd in the court in endeavouring to make a passage for her to the open air. There at length she was conveyed, and in some time restored to consciousness. Phelim O'Flanagan was at her side, for he had undertaken the care of her, as the Widow O'More and Mary were too dreadfully interested in the trial to leave the court, where they remained, as it were, in a state of fearful fascination; for though they stayed to hear the re-

sult, they feared the worst from the nature of the prosecutor's reply, and the manifest relish with which it was received by the jury.

When Kathleen was able to speak, the first words she said to Phelim were, "Where are they all gone?"

"Who, *colleen*,—who?" said Phelim.

"All thim people, and they staring so frightfully!"

"Aisy, *colleen* dear! aisy! You'll be better in a minit."

Kathleen drew her hand across her forehead, as if in the act of recalling memory; and then bursting into tears, she cried, "I know it now, I know it,—I remember it all! They'll murder him,—I know they'll have his life! Oh, bring me back there—bring me back! don't take me away from him as long as he's alive! Phelim dear, take me back again!"

"Stay here, my poor *colleen*! it's better for you,—the hot coort will make you faint again."

"Oh, it wasn't the hot coort, Phelim, but

the cowld fear that came over my heart: but I 'll go back again,—I will."

"Wait a little longer at laste, darlin', until you're more recovered. Indeed, you'll faint agin if you go back so soon."

The girl heeded him not as he spoke, but he felt her hand grasp his arm with a convulsive pressure; and when he looked upon her, he saw her eyes fixed in a gaze of wild eagerness towards the street, as she gasped forth rapidly, "Look! look! for God's sake, look! There,—there!—it is!—it is him!"

"Who, darlin',—who?"

"The Collecthor!—the Collecthor! Oh, great God!"

Springing from Phelim's arms, she rushed into the street; and seizing the reins of a horse which a traveller was riding up the road, she clasped the knees of the horseman, and screamed rather than spoke to him:—"Get off—get off, and save his life! For the love of God, get off, and save him!"

It was Scrubbs whom she addressed. He

had escaped from France, and by a singular coincidence arrived at this opportune moment to save the life of the man who had saved his, and was at that moment under trial for his murder.

It would be impossible to describe the sensation produced among the bystanders at the extraordinary occurrence ; and it was not without much fear on his part that Scrubbs was almost lifted from his horse, and hurried into the court-house, Kathleen clinging to his side all the time, and uttering hysteric exclamations.

It was just at this moment the prosecutor was winding up his reply. "You are told, gentlemen, the prisoner was carried away to France by force, and in company with Mr. Scrubbs : but the prisoner returns, and no tidings have we of the other. The prisoner cannot give a satisfactory account of himself. What brought him to France ? — who was he with in France ? — how did he get back from France ? — why does not the Collector come back too ? — Gentlemen, the question is, which you value most, a gentleman's life, or

a tinker's testimony,—the testimony of a rebel, who died the death he deserved? Until they can produce me Mr. Scrubbs, I remain incredulous. My answer to all they have said is, 'Where is the Collector?'"

As he was about to wind up a grand peroration, the distant sound of the murmur of excitement and agitation in the crowd which thronged every avenue to the court interrupted the attention of the audience. The crier was ordered to command silence; but, in defiance of that functionary's mandate, the sound increased, like that of rushing waters, and above it all the hysteric laugh and wail of a woman rang wildly through the court. There was a momentary pause, in which the counsel, repeating his conclusive question, exclaimed, "Again I say, where is the Collector?"

The lovely girl, with streaming hair and outstretched arms, forced her way into the court, and screamed, "He 's here! — he 's here!" And then the wild laugh which forced

her flushed face into an expression of terrible mirth, while the tears were streaming down it, again rang round the court, which was absolutely appalled into silence. — “He’s here!” she exclaimed again. “Great God, I thank you! I’ve saved him, I’ve saved him!” And then she relapsed into heart-breaking sobs.

“Remove that poor girl from the court,” said Lord A.—, whose gentle heart was quite overcome by the scene; “remove her, and take care of her.”

It would be impossible minutely to detail all which immediately followed; the surprise, the commotion, the impossibility to command order for some minutes. All this can be better imagined than described; and therefore we shall not attempt to paint the startling scene that passed until Kathleen Regan was withdrawn from the court. Then Mr. Scrubbs was produced on the table; and scores of witnesses were on the spot to identify him,—indeed every man on the jury knew him.

Order was not obtained for many minutes, and it required some interval to restore to Lord A—— sufficient tranquillity to command his judicial dignity in addressing the jury, which he did in a few words, nearly as follows :

“ Gentlemen of the jury,—Your duties have been terminated in a very singular and affecting manner. By one of those interpositions of the Divine will which the Almighty is sometimes pleased to vouchsafe in evidence of his eternal providence, a human life has been preserved even when it was in the most imminent danger —”

Lord A—— paused, for his feelings were yet an overmatch for his power of composure ; and in the interval the foreman of the jury said to his brothers, with a nod of assumption,

“ He means our friend Scrubbs ; — wonderful escape indeed !”

Lord A—— resumed. — “ Gentlemen, it has been the will of Heaven to make manifest the innocence of an accused man, when all other

hope had failed him save that of the merciful God who has been his protector !”

Lord A—— could proceed no further ; and many a stifled sob was heard in the court—everywhere but in the jury-box.

“Gentlemen,” resumed Lord A——, “though the trial is at an end, it becomes necessary, as a matter of form, you should return a verdict.”

Singularly contrasting to the subdued voice of the judge, subdued by the operation of his feelings, was the tone in which the foreman of the jury, with a smirk, answered without a moment’s hesitation,

“We are all agreed, my lord.”

“Of course,” replied Lord A——, passing a handkerchief across his eyes. “Return your verdict, if you please, gentlemen.”

“Guilty, my lord,” said the foreman, with an assumed suavity of voice and manner.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said the judge ; “your feelings have overcome *you* as well as many others present : you said, Guilty — of course you mean, *Not* guilty.”

“ No, my lord,—we mean, Guilty.”

The words were now pronounced sufficiently loud to be audible over the court, and a wild scream from the women followed, while the upturned eyes of every one in court at the jury-box testified their astonishment. Even the common crier was lost in wonder, and forgot, in his surprise, the accustomed call of “ Silence !” in response to the shrieks of the women.

“ Good God, sir !” exclaimed Lord A—— addressing the foreman, “ have you eyes and ears, and yet return such a verdict ! The prisoner at the bar is accused of the murder of a certain man : that very man is produced on the table before you, and identified in your presence, — a living evidence of the prisoner’s innocence, — and yet you return a verdict against him of Guilty !”

“ We do, my lord,” said the foreman pertinaciously, and with an offended air, as if he considered it a grievance his verdict should be questioned.

“ Will you be good enough, sir,” said Lord A——, changing his tone from that of wonder to irony, “ to tell me upon what count in the indictment he is guilty? — for really I am not lawyer enough to discover.”

“ We should be sorry, my lord, to dispute any point of law with your lordship ; but the fact is, my lord, you don't know this country as well as we do, and we can swear upon the oath we have taken this day, that the prisoner *ought to have been hanged long ago*, and we say, Guilty, my lord !”

Lord A—— could not withdraw the look of mingled wonder and indignation he fixed on the jury for a moment ; and when he did, he transferred his eye to the prisoner, — but in its transit the look of asperity was gone, and an eye beaming with benignity met the bright and unflinching look of Rory.

“ Prisoner at the bar !” — said Lord A——, whose address turned every eye upon the prisoner.

“ I beg your pardon, my lord,” said one of

the magistrates sitting on the bench, "your lordship has forgotten to put on your black cap."

"No, sir, I have not forgotten it."—"Prisoner at the bar," continued the judge, "I feel it my duty to tell you that, notwithstanding the verdict you have heard pronounced upon you, not a hair of your head shall be harmed!"

A loud "Hurra!" interrupted the continuation of the address; and the crier's voice, after some time, was heard shouting "Silence!" After the lapse of about a minute, order was obtained; and before Lord A—— could resume, the foreman said, loud enough to be heard for a considerable distance,

"No wonder the rebels shout!"

Lord A—— noticed not this impertinence, directly, but ordered the crier again to command silence; and when that functionary had done so, his lordship added, fixing his eye on the insolent offender, "And whoever dares again to violate the decency and solemnity of this court, I will commit him."

The bullying foreman quailed before the dignified rebuke, and his lordship proceeded in a business-like tone to the whole jury :—

“ I cannot avoid, gentlemen, receiving and recording your verdict ; which neither can I resist stigmatising as disgraceful to yourselves individually and collectively, — for you must be either fools, or worse. But I am not bound to pronounce sentence on the prisoner on that verdict, — and I will not ; neither will I rest this night until I despatch a special messenger to the lord-lieutenant, to represent the case and have your verdict set aside : and I promise here, in open court, to the prisoner, that with all convenient speed he shall be liberated from prison.”

After the admonition of the judge to the jurymen, the assembled multitude had sufficient good taste to repress any tumultuous expression of joy ; but a low murmur of pleasure ran round the court, and Kathleen, and Mary and her mother, embraced Rory across the bar before he was withdrawn under the gaoler's care.

The jury was discharged, the judge left the bench, and the court became gradually deserted when the exciting cause which had crowded its interior to suffocation was over; but there were little knots in its whereabouts, talking over the stirring events of the day under feelings of varied excitement. The jurymen, before they separated, animadverted upon the extraordinary conduct of the judge in no measured terms.

“By G—d! sir,” said the foreman to his brothers, “there’s an end of our glorious Constitution if these things are permitted to go on! What’s the use of trial by jury, if a jury can’t hang any man they think fit?—I ask you, what’s the use of a jury otherwise? But here’s a d—d rebel judge comes down and refuses to hang him: you know, if that’s permitted, there’s an end to all justice!—’tis the *judge* is the jury in that case, and all the vagabonds in the country may do what they like.”

“I think,” added another, “that we should send an address to the lord-lieutenant, signed

by us all *in person*, protesting against the injustice, and declaring the danger to the Constitution if such a daring proceeding as a judge daring to presume to refuse a verdict is dared to be permitted in such times as these, with popery and slavery, brass money and wooden shoes, staring us in the face! Sir, the lord-lieutenant himself wouldn't *dare* to refuse such an address!"

"I don't think he would, sir," said a third. "You know, if property is not represented, what becomes of the country? And here is twelve men of property, and a rebel judge refuses to take their verdict,—which is, as I say, not representing the property of the country: and if property is not represented, what becomes of British connexion—I should like to know that! What will the lord-lieutenant say to that?"

"He can't do less than suspend the judge *per tumperis*, and we'll address him to that effect *sine die*,—that's *my* motto: and when the matter is properly represented to the minister——"

"I think it should go before the bishop," interrupted a jurymen.

"My good friend, when I say 'the minister,' I don't *mean* the minister—that is, the minister *you* mean—the Protestant minister: *I* mean, the *ministerial* minister."

"Oh! I beg pardon—I see: you mean the big-wigs at th' other side. Very good—capital idea! Suppose we were to sign a deputation to them, and forward it, *paying the postage of course?*"

"That would be only respectful," said one of them who had not yet spoken.

"What's this you're all talking about?" said Sweeny, who now joined the group.

"About this extraordinary affair."

"Certainly," said the apothecary-yeomanry-attorney; "most infamous! Never witnessed such a decision in all my life—a judge refusing to purge the country! Where's our Constitution if the country's not purged?—I ask any gentleman that. Such conduct in a judge is most extraordinary—I may say, miraculous!

It is a sort of premium on rebellion ; in fact, a *bonus*.

“ They ’ll bone us all, sir,” said the foreman, “ if they ’re not put down ; and the only way of putting them down is hanging them up.”

“ Hang them, certainly—hang them !” said a bacon-merchant, whose custom of hanging fitches rendered him callous to the practice in general.

“ We were just talking, Mr. Sweeny, when you came,” said the foreman, “ of addressing a deputation to the ministerial minister on this matter.”

“ An excellent idea !” replied Sweeny.

“ We were thinking of drawing up a letter——”

“ I would recommend it to be engrossed,” said the attorney.

“ Very good suggestion, gentlemen,” added the foreman. “ We must get our friend Sweeny to engross the deputation.”

“ It will be more respectful,” said the re-

spectable man who backed the suggestion of paying the postage.

"Now, who'll write it?" inquired the foreman, with a certain conscious air, in asking the question, that he himself was the proper person.

"Oh, you—you, of course," was answered by more than one.

"Why, really," said the foreman bashfully, "I think we ought to club our heads."

"Sir," said Sweeny, grinning, thereby giving every one notice he was going to say a good thing, "the rebels are ready enough to club our heads, without doing it ourselves!—Ha! ha! ha!"

A corresponding grin and "Ha! ha! ha!" followed Sweeny's witticism; and a running fire of "Very good! very good!" went the round of the jurymen.

"But I do think," continued the foreman, "this deputation thing should be done by a comit-ée."

"No one can do it better than you, worthy foreman," said Sweeny, toadying the man who

so readily backed his attempt at the engrossing job.

"I think so too," said the postage-man :
"you have the pen of a ready-writer, sir."

"True," said Sweeny ; "or, as *we* say, *correcto calomel*.—Then, my dear sir, as it seems to be the general wish of the jury—or, as I may say, *pro con*—that you are to do it, I'll go along with you and take your instructions."

This terminated the jury consultation ; and Sweeny was walking off with the foreman, when one of the constables addressed him, to say that his honour Justice Slink wanted to speak to him.

"Then I must be off," said Sweeny. "You see I *am* so engaged !—in short, I'm a *fee-to-tum*,—I might almost say, a *tee-totum*, for I'm going round and round them all.—I'll go over to you, however, to breakfast to-morrow, and take the instructions."

Sweeny followed the constable, who led him to a room in the court-house where Slink awaited him. The brow of the justice was cloud-

ed, and his tone was angry as he addressed the attorney.

“A pretty bungle Scrubbs has made of this business !”

“My dear justice, it is not his fault, after all.”

“Pooh ! pooh ! — didn’t we tell him on no account to appear until the rascal’s trial was over ?”

“So we did. But, you see, the trial occurred a day later than we calculated, and I told Scrubbs he *might* go home on Wednesday.”

“Zounds ! why didn’t you stop him ?”

“I endeavoured to do so, my dear justice, by sending over a messenger last night ; but he missed him.”

“It’s d—d unfortunate ! that’s all I can say,” said Slink. “Come home, however, and dine with me ;—I’m as hungry as a hawk, kicking my heels here about the court all day, and for no good, since that rebel has escaped. Come along ! it can’t be helped,—the old saying, you know, ‘The devil’s children have the devil’s luck ;’ and

so that rascal Rory O'More has cheated the gallows."

"We may be down on him yet," said Sweeny, following the magistrate homewards to eat a good dinner, with a good appetite, notwithstanding the conspiracy he had joined in against a fellow-creature's life: for being apprised of Scrubbs's return to Ireland before the trial, he and the justice considered it an *ingenious device*, to induce the Collector to remain concealed until it was over, for the purpose of hanging an innocent man, whom they considered a dangerous person—but whose life, by the interference of Providence, was preserved from the murderous attempt;—and he, in defence of whose liberty poor Rory had encountered so many perils, and whose trial arose from that very cause,—even *he* was miscreant enough to join the horrible conspiracy, and consent to the murder of the man who had been his champion.

Yet this atrocious triad were considered eminently useful persons by the Irish executive

at that period ; and it was of such persons it was said by the adherents of government, "that the country would be lost without them." And, indeed, government seemed to think so too: for Sweeny rapidly rose in law preferment, being made crown-solicitor for the district ; Scrubbs was advanced to a place of great emolument in the metropolitan custom-house ; and Justice Slink was created a knight, and in due time a baronet.

CHAPTER XLV.

SHOWING HOW THE VERDICT FOR THE HANGING OF ONE,
PRODUCES THE BANISHMENT OF MANY.

It was with feelings of intense anxiety De Lacy awaited the return of his friend from the court-house; and with open arms he received him, when he saw by the expression of his countenance all was right before he had spoken a word.

“He ’s safe,” said the lawyer.

“Thanks! thanks! my dear friend,” exclaimed De Lacy, pressing his hand with fervour.

“Have you brought him with you?”

“He is not yet liberated.”

“And why not, after his acquittal?”

“I did not say he was acquitted; I only said he was safe.—There now, don’t look so wretch-

edly anxious;—let me sit down, for I am exhausted, and I will tell you all about it.”

He then hastily gave him a sketch of the trial; and when he repeated the verdict of the jury, De Lacy fancied he was only joking.

“ I assure you, 'tis true.”

“ What ! find a man guilty of murder when the person he is accused of murdering is produced before them ?”

“ True as gospel, I protest.”

“ My good fellow, I *cannot* believe,—surely you 're joking !”

“ On my honour, then, since you won't believe less, it is the fact.”

“ But, surely they cannot hang him ?”

“ Fortunately for him, they cannot; but they would if they could. Lord A—n—e, I need not tell you, would not pronounce sentence on such a verdict, and even assured the prisoner, before he quitted the bench, that his life was in no danger: however, he could not help allowing the verdict to be recorded.”

“ And *what* a record !” exclaimed De Lacy ;

“ what a brand of infamy and folly upon the men who gave it, and the times in which we live ! One might laugh at the absurdity of the act, only for its atrocity : but here, really mirth is reprov'd by horror, and the smile gives place to a shudder.”

“ My dear fellow, don't be so eloquent,—remember 'twas an *Irish* verdict,” said his friend, who smiled at De Lacy's warmth.

“ Nay, nay, I cannot trifle on this matter—I cannot !—Good God ! what man's life is safe here under such circumstances ?”

“ Oh, don't mistake me, De Lacy ; 'twas only for the sake of rousing your virtuous indignation I said what I did : and remember, my dear fellow, after all, your Rory's safe. But, seriously speaking, it is certainly a most rascally affair, and I quite agree in every word you have uttered.”

“ Well,” said De Lacy, after a moment's silence and with a long-drawn sigh, “ I'm doomed to be disappointed in everything ! I returned to my country with a desire of being

a useful member of society—of becoming a quiet and unoffending subject even under the system such as it is,—of doing all the good within my power ; and, so help me Heaven ! I had thoroughly renounced all the romantic speculations in which you know I have indulged, and hoped to be permitted at least to live unmolested ; and even these humble expectations are dashed to destruction the moment my foot touches my native soil,—the life of an innocent man is sought to be sacrificed to the demon of party hate in the face of the very laws : even in her temple ! By all that's sacred, I would not live in such a country to be king of it !—Now, Ireland—poor Ireland ! farewell ! As soon as I can put my foot on the deck of a free country's vessel, I will leave you ; an American ship shall bear me to her shores, and I will place the Atlantic between me and the blood-hounds that I see are bent on hunting this poor country to death !”

“Do not be too hasty, De Lacy : you may do much good here by remaining ; you may

live to be the poor man's friend, and become the protector of the weak against the strong."

"If I thought so, my friend," returned De Lacy, whose flushed cheek betrayed the warmth of his emotion, "I would stay:—but the tide runs too strong to make head against.—*I* the protector of the weak against the strong? What mortal power may interpose when the divine emanation from heaven — when *Truth herself* cannot screen the victim from the destroyer! That verdict has not succeeded *as it was intended to do* — in murdering an innocent man; but it has banished another, who meant to do all in his power to benefit his country."

"Well, we'll talk of this another time," said his friend, who wished to divert him from the theme of his indignation. "As you desired, I have directed the three poor women who walked all the way from their village to the town this morning, to come to the inn for rest and refreshment."

"True," said De Lacy; "I forgot;—I wish

much to see them, now that all is over and my presence in the country need not be kept a secret :—are they here?”

“ I left them to follow, wishing to hasten to you with the news.”

At this moment the door was opened by a great hulking fellow, with bristling hair, staring eyes, high cheek-bones, a snub nose, and a great mouth with a voice to match, who enacted the part of waiter ; and the aforesaid, protruding his head, and nothing more into the room, said as loudly and as rapidly, and with as great a brogue as it could well be said, “ If you plaze, sir—”

“ What do you want ?” said the lawyer.

“ If you plaze, sir, there’s wan a wantin’ you.”

“ Who is it ?”

“ Three women, sir.”

“ And are three women one ?” said the lawyer, smiling.

“ Only wan *ax’d* for you, sir,” answered the waiter, grinning, ready with his answer.

"And couldn't you say so?"

"By dad, sir, it was the owld one o' the three ax'd for you; and th' other two is mighty purty, and so I thought they would be a grate help: and that's the rayson."

"Show them up."

Off went the waiter, and in a few seconds the sound of ascending footsteps announced the approach of Rory's mother and sister, and Kathleen Regan. The door opened: Mary O'More was the first to enter, and De Lacy, advancing to her with extended hand, said in a voice full of kindness, "Mary, I am glad to see you."

The girl could not repress a faint scream, and, notwithstanding a manifest effort to control her feelings, her sudden flushing and subsequent pallor betrayed how powerfully the unexpected appearance of De Lacy acted upon her.

"I did not let you know sooner I was here; but I would not be far from Rory, Mary, in his time of need."

"God bless you ! God bless you !" faltered Mary, almost suffocating with contending emotions, which were too much for her, and the poor girl, falling upon her knees, kissed De Lacy's hand fervently, and, with half-uttered blessings, sank insensible to the ground.

De Lacy lifted the fainting girl, and bore her to a sofa near the window, which was immediately thrown open for the admission of fresh air. A few minutes served to revive her, and a glass of water partly restored her to composure; but still she exhibited signs of agitation, and the mother said, "Sure, 'twas no wondher, after all the craythur had gone through that day."

"No wonder indeed, Mrs. O'More," said De Lacy. "But, after all, my friend Rory is safe."

"Oh, but *is* he safe, sir, do you think?"

"As safe as I am," said the lawyer; "do not entertain the least uneasiness."

"But sure they *gave in* 'Guilty,' the villians, they did, and my boy is taken back to jail!"

"That cannot be helped, and I cannot ex-

plain to you why he must remain in prison for a couple of days ; but, take my word, he's in no danger."

"Oh, I can hardly venture my heart with the belief until I see him out o' jail."

"Take my word too, Mrs. O'More," said De Lacy, "and you too, Kathleen, Rory will be with us in a couple of days."

Kathleen could not speak, but, clasping her hands and pressing them to her bosom, she looked her thanks more touchingly than language could have told them.

"And you, Mary," added De Lacy, turning again to the sofa, where Mary still sat with her eyes fixed on the ground, ashamed of the emotion which the unexpected presence of De Lacy had caused,—“you too, must cheer up. And how have you been all the time Rory and I have been away? You've had hard times of it, Mary, since the Sunday I left the cottage: but I must have my little room there again, for a few days."

"Ah, sir!" sighed the widow, "you'll never

see your little room agin ! the owld house was burnt in the beginning o' the bad times !”

“ Burnt !” exclaimed De Lacy, who had not before heard of the calamity.

“ Ay, indeed, sir,—and everything in it, but jist ourselves and the clothes on our backs; and little o' thim, for we wor hunted out of our beds, and not a shred or a scrap did we save barrin' the books you left behind you: and Mary, the craythur, thought o' thim in the middle of it all, for the regard she had for thim,—and no wondher !”

Mary reddened to the very forehead as her mother spoke.

“ And, sure, you *are* the rale and thrue friend, Mr. De Lacy,” continued the widow. “ To think of your bein' here yourself, let alone *that* good gintleman you sent to us in our throuble ! Oh, may the Lord reward you ! —But tell me, sir, do you think *indeed* my darling boy is safe ?”

“ Perfectly safe,—rest satisfied on that point. And now, Mrs. O'More, come over here and sit

down at the table; we all want some refreshment ;—come over.”

“ It ’s time, sir, we should be goin’ home ; we have a good step to walk, and—”

“ You must not leave the town this evening,” said De Lacy. “ I have ordered you all beds here to-night ; therefore you may take your dinner in comfort, and we will have a talk over old times, Mrs. O’More.”

As he spoke, the waiter entered with a hot joint, and slapped down the dish on the table, spilling half the gravy over the tablecloth, and upsetting a couple of glasses, which reached the ground with a grand smash.

“ Bad luck to thim for glasses—they ’re always fallin’ !” said he, as he picked up the larger pieces of the broken glass and threw them into the fire.

Mrs. O’More protested for some time against dining, declaring it was too much trouble, &c. ; all of which meant, on her part as well as that of the girls, that they felt awkward in sitting down to table with the strange gentleman.

De Lacy had often been the companion of their dinner in their own cabin ; but now that he was in a hotel, and with the presence of a second person of superior rank, it made all the difference. However, their modest scruples were at length overcome, and the easy and unaffected bearing of the barrister set them soon as much at ease as they could be under such circumstances.

In the course of the evening, the lawyer could not avoid remarking the downcast looks of Mary O'More, and the timid glances she sometimes ventured to cast towards De Lacy ; and this, when considered together with the beauty of the girl, raised certain surmises in the mind of the young lawyer which were not justified by any conduct on the part of his friend. The women retired soon after dinner ; and, indeed, the fatigues of the day made an early retreat to bed absolutely necessary.

When De Lacy and his friend were alone, the latter remarked, what a lovely specimen Mary O'More presented of a peasant girl.

"They are both handsome girls," answered De Lacy.

"That's an ingenious escape, my friend," said the lawyer; "but, if I'm not greatly mistaken, you have been making sad work with that poor girl's heart."

"Do you imagine I could be such a scoundrel?" answered De Lacy rather warmly.

"My good fellow, I don't mean you would harbour a dishonourable intention to man or woman breathing; but, somehow or other, that poor girl is desperately in love with you, however it has taken place. Did you not observe her emotion at sight of you,—her not daring to meet your eyes? and I could see many a bashful look at you when she thought herself unobserved."

"My dear Hal," said De Lacy, "it is only gratitude for my care of her brother, nothing more—it can be nothing more."

"Maybe so," said the lawyer, who saw the subject had better be dropped; and turning the conversation into another channel, they chatted

and sipped their wine until it was time to retire to rest.

The lawyer did retire to rest, but De Lacy only went to bed. He could not rest: his anxiety during the day, his indignation at the verdict, his determination to leave the country, and the dawning projects which opened on his speculative mind with relation to his intended removal to America, kept him in a state of wakefulness. Then the remarks of his friend before they parted for the night had more influence upon him than his answers would have led one to suppose: though he affected to disbelieve the source of Mary O'More's emotion, the evidence had not been unnoticed by himself, and it made him unhappy. Then her mother's little anecdote of *his* books being the only things saved from the ruin of their cottage when it was devoted to the flames: the cause was plain enough to give a libertine pleasure, but a man of principle, pain.

"Poor girl!" thought De Lacy, "I would not for the world that I should prove the

cause of such an innocent and lovely creature's unhappiness ! I should never forgive myself. And yet, why should I say, forgive ? I never breathed a word nor made the slightest allusion to awaken such a sentiment in her heart ; but then I lived under the same roof for some months, was constantly in her presence, and gave her those unfortunate books : that was unwise—I see it was ; but, God knows my heart ! it was innocently done. What unaccountable things are human feelings ! Here is this poor peasant girl betrayed into an attachment of which she must know the hopelessness ; for she is a sensible creature, and who would shudder at the suspicion being entertained of her indulging an unrequited affection, for she is delicate-minded as one more highly born. And yet she does love, I fear me ; and reason awakes but to warn her to conceal what it was not strong enough to prevent. Alas ! how often feeling triumphs over reason !—how unequal is the struggle between them ! How are we to account for this unequal balance ? Why

is this reason given as a guide if there be insufficiency in its guidance on any occasion or in any trial?—why?” And thus De Lacy fell into a train of metaphysical musing, which set him to sleep, as it would do the reader were I to recount it.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN WHICH RORY FOLLOWS DE LACY'S ADVICE AND HIS
OWN INCLINATIONS.

LORD A—N—E was as good as his word: he lost no time in representing Rory's case to the lord-lieutenant, and procuring his discharge from prison. When he was at liberty, De Lacy told him his intention of leaving Ireland, and recommended him to bear him company, as he did not consider his life would be safe if he remained.

"Arrah! how could I lave the mother, and Mary, and ——?"

"Kathleen," added De Lacy.

"Yis," said Rory, smiling. "I don't deny it, though you never gave me a hint o' that before."

“ I can see as far into a mill-stone as most people, Rory. Now I do not want you to leave them: they can bear you company.”

“ Sure, they'd feel mighty sthrange in France, sir.”

“ I did not say a word about France. What would you think of America?”

“ Oh, that 's another affair! But how could I take them there?—we are not as snug as we were wanst; and that would take a power o' money.”

“ Money has nothing to do with the question, Rory. Come with me. I intend selling off everything I am worth, and going to the back settlements of America:—there I shall buy a large tract of ground, and shall want many about me; and how much better for me to have those I know and regard than strangers! You shall be my head man there, Rory, and teach me to farm. And before you go, set your heart at rest on one project I know it is bent upon: you shall marry Kathleen Regan to-morrow if you like.”

“That ’s a grate temptation !” said Rory.

“But, whether you come or not, Rory, let not want of money in any way stand between you and your wishes: I will give Kathleen a marriage-portion, enough to set you up in comfort again. If you remain here,—which, however, I strongly advise you against after the specimen you have had of Irish justice the other day,—what can you expect but persecution in this unfortunate country? You may marry and have a family, and leave them fatherless some day by a sudden and violent death; while, if you come with me, you may live to see them grow up about you, helping you in the cultivation of your farm, and becoming the props of your age.”

“Misther De Lacy, I can’t thank you, sir—in throth I can’t, for all your *heart* to me. I won’t spake—I *can’t* spake;” and the poor fellow paused and drew his hand across his eyes: “but you’ve made me the happiest fellow in Ireland this day. God bless you!—Oh, thin,

but it's I that will marry my darlin' girl the very minit she'll let me spake to the priest; and that'll be *smart*, if I've my own way. So you see, sir, I'm no churl in refusing your bounty, but take your offer with a heart and a half; and may you get the reward of all your kindness to me, in meeting a girl that's worthy of yourself, and will love you as my own Kathleen loves me; and that you may taste the pleasure yourself you have bestowed on me, in the prospect of hugging to my heart the girl of my bosom! Sure, little I thought——”

“Rory, my dear fellow, say no more, — say no more: you're too grateful.”

“That's what no man *can* be, sir. I wouldn't be mane,—and I'm sure you know it; but, by the powers! I'd take the heart out of my body if I could, and lay it undher the feet of the one that was kind and generous to me.”

“There now, Rory, that's enough,—say no more. You're a good fellow, and a kind —

and deserve more than that at my hands: and now tell me, will you come with me? or shall I get you a little farm here?"

"Throth, I'll be said and led by you, that's such a good frind. It goes agin me hard, I don't deny it, to lave the owld counthry, and the places my heart warms to at the sight of. Sure, I used to dhrame of thim when I was with you in France; and could see the river, and the hills, and the cottage, and the owld rath, as plain as if I was on the spot: and won't it be the same when I'm in another strange land?—my heart will be always longin' afther my darlin' Ireland, and the owld tunes of her be ringin' in my ears all day. Oh, but *the shamrocks is close at my heart!*"

"Rory, there are many of our countrymen in America; and there you will feel less difference of country, from the use of the same language. But I do not want to force your inclinations: if you wish to remain in Ireland, do so; but I decidedly recommend you not."

"Thin I'll do what you recommend, sir.

I'll follow you : and, indeed, I b'lieve you're right enough, for the poor counthry is ground down to powdher, and will be worse, I'm afear'd. So, in the Lord's name ! poor Ireland, good-b'ye to you ! though, God knows, it cuts me to the heart's core to quit you. I'm foolish, Misther De Lacy,—I know I'm foolish ; so I'll bid you good mornin', sir, and set off to Knockbrackin, and ask the girl to have me, and tell her that it's yourself is more than a father to her, and gives her the fortune. And may the angels——”

“ There—there now, Rory ; no more thanks. But, as you say I am more than Kathleen's father, it reminds me that I must not be less than her father ; so I will give her away.”

“ Musha ! but you're the very sowl of good-nature, Misther De Lacy. By all that's good, your heart is nothing but a honeycomb !”

“ Be off, now, Rory : and give Kathleen my compliments, and tell her she must name next Sunday for her wedding ; for I perceive, by an advertisement in this paper I've been reading,

that a ship sails in ten days from Cork ; and I am going there to make arrangements for my passage. Will you say at once, you and yours will come in the same ship ?”

“ In God’s name, sir, yis !” said Rory reverently. “ I know they ’ll all do what you think best, with as ready a heart as myself.”

“ Farewell, then, Rory ! Next Sunday I shall be at Knockbrackin, to give you Kathleen : and I wish you joy with her !—There now, be off !—not a word more. Go, and get yourself and your pretty wife ready for Sunday.”

Rory departed, and De Lacy, when he was gone, ordered a postchaise for Cork. He there made all arrangements requisite for the passage of himself and his dependants, and was ready to keep his appointment at Knockbrackin, where, when Rory arrived, there was overwhelming joy at all the good news he brought them ;—news, however, not unmingled with pain ; for the thoughts of leaving Ire-

land touched the womens' feelings as much as Rory's. But, admitting the truth of all De Lacy's arguments in favour of emigration, which Rory detailed to them, they acknowledged it to be the safest course to pursue, and one that opened to them an easier life than could be hoped for in their native land. Still it *was* their native land, and their hearts clung to it, and every hour in the day was crossed by some recollection which embittered the thought of leaving it. One thing, however, helped to dissipate their melancholy,—the approaching wedding; and the Sunday morning smiled brightly on the happy family,—happier than they had been for many a long day. De Lacy arrived before the hour when mass commenced, and driving up to the door of the little village cabin, was welcomed and hailed with blessings by all its inmates as he entered it.

“There are some articles to be removed from the chaise,” said De Lacy. “I have brought a wedding-cake from Cork, and some

few other things, for the bridal of the lady I'm to give away ;—which is only right, you know, Mrs. O'More."

" Oh, thin, but the kindness of you, Misther De Lacy dear," said the mother,—“ to remember even such little things as that ! Throth, now I think more of it than even the portion. God bless you !—Dear, dear !” repeated the old woman as parcel after parcel was taken from the chaise ; “ here's bottles upon bottles !”

“ A little wine, Mrs. O'More, which I know you couldn't get in the village ; and his reverence will like a good glass, no doubt.”

“ And, oh dear ! the illigant smell !—why, if it isn't tay ! Well, Misther De Lacy, but you *are*—”

“ That's not to be had either in the village you know, Mrs. O'More ; but the whiskey-punch we can make out here. By-the-bye, is there a public-house that I can manage to get some substantial entertainment from ? for you must ask all your friends to the wedding feast.”

“ Oh, but you *are* the darlin' gintleman !
Sure, we are happy enough in ourselves.”

“ No, no, Mrs. O'More: the lady I give away must have her friends about her, to wish her joy, and drink long life and prosperity to her.”

“ Good luck to your kind heart, sir ! Well, we'll manage it as you plaze, sir, and I'll ask what friends we may see at the chapel to come to us ; and sure they won't stand on a short axin', but will come with a heart and a half to wish the *colleen* joy.”

It is needless to detail the ceremony of the wedding. Suffice it to say, that Rory received his pretty blushing Kathleen from the hands of De Lacy ; and that, when the nuptial benediction was pronounced over them, Rory lost no time in getting the first kiss from the bride, which was a regular smacker. “ Long life to you, Mrs. O'More ! ” said Rory, laughing in her crimsoned face, as he lifted her from her knees.

“ There's part of her portion, Rory,” said

De Lacy, "for immediate expenses," as he placed in his hand a green silk purse containing a hundred guineas.

"Long life to you, sir! you're too good!" said Rory. "The green and goold is mighty purty in a flag;* but 'pon my sowl I don't know if it does not look quite as well in a man's hand."

The invitations were made right and left at the chapel door, and, nothing loth, the friends invited returned home with the bride and bridegroom to partake of the hospitality De Lacy had provided for them: and there was a larger company than the house would accommodate, but the good-humoured neighbours sat on the sod outside, while the most *responsible* people were honoured by being smothered within.

The priest and De Lacy, with the bride and bridesmaids, sat at the head of the table, where the wine was circulated, and plenty of whiskey-punch was to be had below the salt. After his reverence and the founder of the feast had had

* The National colours.

enough, they vacated the house, to give room for tea being prepared for the female part of the party, and repaired to the sod outside, where fiddler and piper were ready to set the boys and girls together by the heels.

De Lacy led out the bride for the first dance, and the example was followed by many a sporting couple after ; and when some cessation occurred in the dance, notice was given that " the tay " was ready within, while more punch was distributed without.

The tea seemed in high favour with the women, to the best of whom the commonest quality would have proved a luxury, as that which they had generally drunk had been partly made from the same hedges which supplied them with brooms; so that the high-flavoured exotic which De Lacy's kindness had provided was a marvel amongst them.

" Dear ! dear ! Mrs. O'More," said an old neighbour, who had already taken extensive liberties with the tea-pot, and who, if tea could have produced the same effects as spirits, must

have died of spontaneous combustion; "but that is the most beautiful tay!"

"Sure, my dear," said the widow, "and Mr. De Lacy brought it himself,—his own self."

"Why, does he *dale in tay*?" said the old woman.

"Whish—t!" said Mrs. O'More with a frown; "he's a gintleman, my dear, and wouldn't dale in anything."

"—But compliments," said the old woman: "see how he's talkin' to Mary over there!"

"My dear woman," said the widow confidentially, "this tay he brought from his own estate, where it grows,—and that's the rayson it's so fine."

"Arrah, and where is that, Mrs. O'More, my dear?"

"In France," said the widow: "but don't tell anybody."

"Tut! tut! tut!—sure, I know av coorse we mustn't say a word about France now, God help uz!" said the old woman, raising her eyes and eyebrows, and pursing her mouth with a

ludicrous expression of melancholy: "and, indeed, I'll take another cup o' tay, my dear, to comfort me."

"To be sure, agra," said the widow, bending the tea-pot over the old crone's cup so far beyond a rectangular position, that the lid fell off and broke a piece out of the tea-cup it was over.—"Pooh! pooh!—murdher! there's not a dhrop o' wather in the pot: where's the kittle?"

The attendant spirit of the kettle supplied more of the native element; and after a few minutes to let it draw, Mrs. O'More replenished the old lady's cup.

"I'm afeard it's wake now, ma'am," said the widow; "bekaze, you see, I let it stand a good dale at first;—for tay is nothing without you let it stand."

"Right," said Phelim O'Flanagan, who was in the neighbourhood and overheard the conversation,—*"Right, Mrs. O'More, my dear,—tay is never worth a thraneen unless you let it stand: and the great particularity, or peculiar*

distinctive property, or denomination, as I may say, of tay, is, that it differs from all other human things; for while other human things grows wake with standin', tay grows sthrong. —Ha, ha, ha !”

“ Ah, go 'long with you, Phelim !—you 're always comin' in with your larnin' and your quare sayin's.—But, as I was tellin' you, ma'am, pursued the widow to her neighbour, “ I let the tay stand a long time, to *burst the grain*: for if you don't burst the grain, what good is it ?”

“ Sartinly,” said her neighbour ; “ but you see, if you take the good out of it at wanst, that-a-way, there 's no good in it afther. And there 's the grate beauty o' this tay. Oh, but it 's iligant tay !—it takes sitch a *beautiful grip o' the second wather* !”

“ A song ! a song !” was echoed round the room so loudly as to drown the tea discussion ; and a universal call was made on the bride to set the example of the favourite national custom.

Kathleen blushed, and felt somewhat shy

at being the first to make herself an object of attention, where already, from other causes, she was sufficiently so; but, encouraged by Rory, and feeling on her own part the necessity of helping to make her friends happy, and therefore complying with their wishes, she sang, with exquisite expression, a little song in her own language, which will be more agreeable to the reader in English.

OH! ONCE I HAD LOVERS.

Oh, once I had lovers in plenty,
When a colleen I lived in the glen :
I kill'd fifty before I was twenty,—
How happy the moments flew then !
Then winter I ne'er could discover,
For Love brighten'd Time's dusky wing ;
When every new month brought a lover,
The year, then, seem'd always like spring.

But Cupid's more delicate pinion
Could never keep up with old Time ;
So, the grey-beard assumes his dominion,
When the mid-day of life rings its chime.
Then gather, while morning is shining,
Some flower, while the bright moments last ;
Which, closely around the heart twining,
Will live when the summer is past.

The song bore so strong an allusion to her own immediate position, that it was peculiarly touching; and, amid the burst of approbation which followed the lyric, the silent pressure of Rory's hand, and her own confiding look at her husband, showed he had felt all she wished to convey by her song.

"That is a most beautiful flight of fancy," said Phelim so loud as to be heard, "about Cupid and Time!—And why shouldn't it be a flight, when both o' thim has wings, as the potes, anshint and prophane, tells us?—for, as the classics say, *Tempus fugit*."

Mary O'More was now requested, as bride-maid, to favour the company with a song: and her mother at once asked her "to sing that purty song she was always singin'; and that, indeed, she hadn't a purtier song among thim all."

"What song, mother?" asked Mary, blushing up to the eyes.

"That 'Land o' the West.' Wherever you got it, sure it's a beautiful song."

De Lacy, caught by the name of his own song, of which he was not conscious of a copy existing but the one he had rescued from the papers of Adèle Verbigny, fixed his eyes on Mary O'More, who was crimsoned over from her forehead to her shoulder, and had her eyes fixed on the ground.

"Sing it, *alanna*,—sing it," said her mother.

"I 'd rather sing something else, ma'am."

"Now I 'll have no song but that, Mary: and, indeed, there 's no song you sing aiquial to it."

Thus forced, Mary, after a few nervous hems, began in a voice which was tremulous from emotion.

"Oh, come to the West, love,—oh, come there with me;
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea,
Where fair Plenty smiles from her emerald throne;—
Oh, come to the West, and I 'll make thee my own!
I 'll guard thee, I 'll tend thee, I 'll love thee the best,
And you 'll say there 's no land like the land of the West!"

"That 's Ireland, for sartin!" said Phelim.

Mary continued.

“The South has its roses and bright skies of blue,
But ours are more sweet with love’s own changeful hue—
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best ;—
Oh ! what is the South to the beautiful West !
Then come to the West, and the rose on thy mouth
Will be sweeter to me than the flow’rs of the South !”

There were several audible smacks at the conclusion of this verse, and numerous suppressed exclamations of “Behave yourself !” were heard in coquettish female voices.

The song went on.

“The North has its snow-tow’rs of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne’er-setting day :
There the Storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft-breathing Zephyr he plays in the West.
Then come there with me, where no cold wind doth blow
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow !”

De Lacy could not resist admiring the beautiful and snowy bosom of the singer, which heaved with agitation as she sang.

Phelim, before she could resume, thundered in his annotation : “That’s a fine touch about the winds,—Boreas, Austher, Vosther, Eurus, et Zephyrus !”

Again Mary plucked up courage, and finished.

“The Sun in the gorgeous East chaseth the night
When he riseth, refresh'd, in his glory and might!
But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest?
Oh! doth he not haste to the beautiful West!”

“*Pars Occidentalis!*” shouted Phelim.

“Then come there with me; 'tis the land I love best,
'Tis the land of my sires!—'tis my own darling West!”

“Owld Ireland for ever!—hurroo!” was shouted from all; and a thunder of applause followed.

When the song was over, De Lacy could not resist the curiosity which prompted him to know how Mary O'More had become possessed of the song; and he approached the girl and asked her.

“It was written on a bit of paper, sir, and between the leaves of one of the books you gave me.”

“But there was no music to it. How did you get that?”

“ Oh, sometimes I go about singing, sir, whatever comes into my head ; and so I made a tune to it.”

“ And a beautiful tune it is !” said De Lacy.

Here the voice of the priest broke in and interrupted further conversation.

“ My good people,” said the priest, “ it is time now to go home. You know the martial law is out ;—and *you* mustn't be out when *that* law is out.”

“ Thrue for your reverence, 'faith,” was responded by some of the *responsible* old men.

“ So, boys and girls,—and, indeed, my good people of all denominations,—go your ways home in time, and keep out of harm's way :—it is not like the good owld times, when we could stop till the night was ripe, and we could throw the stocking, and do the thing dacently, as our fathers used to do before us : but we must make the best of a bad bargain, and go home before the sun is down. So let us lave the hospitable roof where we have got the bit and sup, and *cead mile fealté*, and wishing the

young couple health and happiness, lave them with their mother."

A universal leave-taking now commenced, and heartfelt good wishes were poured upon the bride and bridegroom, accompanied with a profusion of hand-shaking, and a sprinkling of small jokes from the frisky old men and women, which were laughed at by the young ones; and, laughing and singing, they went their different ways,—the mirth radiating as it were from the focus where it had its birth, and, like circles on a lake, becoming weaker as it grew wider, till the sounds of merriment died away in the distance, and the cabin, so noisy a few minutes before, became silent. De Lacy was the last to take his leave: he offered his best wishes for the happiness of those whose happiness was, in fact, of his making, and was followed, as he left the family group, by their thanks and blessings.

CHAPTER XLVII.

DE LACY MUSES LIKE A GENTLEMAN BUT FEELS LIKE A MAN; AND THE READER IS TOLD ALL THE AUTHOR CAN TELL HIM, AND IS LEFT TO GUESS THE REST.

SILENTLY and thoughtfully he wended his way to the little public-house where he was to be accommodated for the night, the "Land of the West" still ringing in his ears,—that song which he had written for the accomplished girl who had deceived him, and valued not by her—treasured up and sung by a simple peasant girl, who more and more, he perceived, had become attached to him,—in short, *loved* him—there was no weaker term applicable; and that girl, beautiful, sensitive, pure-minded, modest, and delicate in feeling as a lady. Ay, there was the point—a *lady*—"if she were

a lady." This question arose silently in De Lacy's mind, and his answer to it was a sigh. "No, no," thought he, "it cannot be!—those *mésalliances* are terrible things! Could I, from my name and station, descend to wed a country girl?—No; the world would laugh at me, sneer at me;—‘*So Horace De Lacy picked up with a country wench!*’ would sound well in the mouths of those who know me:—no, no, it must not be! And yet there's no denying I like the girl,—like her well enough, even to marry her;—ay, and *if she were but a lady*, a better wife, and truer and fonder companion, would she be, than the fribble Frenchwoman who jilted me; and there is more truth and simple faith and real affection in that poor girl's heart than in many a courtly dame whose quarterings could match my own. And why should I be less liberal in those matters than in questions of equal importance?—should I, a democrat, be the stickler for high birth in a wife?—What fools we are, after all, in such matters! The slavery of custom is upon us, do what we

can to shake it off, and the sneer of a fool is too much in perspective for the firmness of the wisest man.—Poor Mary!—poor girl!—I wish the devil had me before I ever came in her way! And that song too—how deliciously she sang it!—sweet enough to charm a drawing-room,—*if she were a gentlewoman*.—Confound that eternal question—how it plagues me! And after all, why should she not be a gentlewoman? Suppose for an instant she were my wife: Madame De Lacy would be raised to my rank, and in truth she is naturally well-bred,—with the *patois* of her country, and wanting the *manière d'être* of a fashionable belle, 'tis true; but I never heard the girl say, or saw her do, what could be called a rude or vulgar thing: slight care would give her manner, and her own good sense would keep her quiet till she acquired it.

“What folly this is! Here am I supposing a case which can never be; all my prejudices rise in arms against it—I *dare not do it!* What should I feel, on entering a drawing-room, to see the searching eye, and hear the whisper

running round the room, as I presented my 'country wench?' No! no! no! — Horace: that would never do!

“Yet how unjust is all this on my part! Here am I supposing this drawing-room case, and I am quitting Europe, and all who know me, for ever! I am going to the back-woods of America;—who will know there, that Mary O'More is not a gentlewoman born, or that Horace De Lacy is the descendant of a Norman line? And when once there, could I repose my faith on a purer spirit, my heart on a truer affection, or my head on a fairer bosom? Could I desire a more lovely or loveable woman for my wife?—My common sense and common manhood answer, No! and yet does the prejudice of De Lacy rebel against the thought. —Mary O'More, I wish to Heaven you were of higher birth!”

Such was the working of De Lacy's brain all through the evening, until he retired to bed. Even then, dreams usurped the place of sleep. He imagined himself, with his country wife on

his arm, in a drawing-room; a row of perfumed puppies lined the walls and occupied the *fauteuils* as he entered; glances of disdain were cast towards Mary's foot (which was a very pretty foot, by the way); he looked down, and instead of a satin shoe, a country brogue was peeping from beneath her velvet robe! He was in a fever: the lady of the mansion approached—she addressed in accents of fashionable ease Madame De Lacy, who answered in a very rich brogue: a titter ran round the circle,—De Lacy started and awoke.

When he next dropt into dozing, the wide-spreading forest of America was before him: there was its girdle of splendid colour circling the clearance which his own hand had helped to make, and where the thriving crops of different sorts were growing: the sunset was tinging all around with its golden light, and he thought Mary was his wife, and, with her arms circling his neck, she was looking up into his eyes with glowing affection, and saying, "Are we not happy?" He clasped her to his breast

and kissed her, and said, "Yes, happier here than in our native land!"

"But still its remembrance is very dear, Horace;" and a tinge of sweet tenderness came over her face.

"So it is, dearest," answered De Lacy: "sit down under the shade of this tree and sing me 'The Land of the West.'"

And in his dream he thought sounds never were so sweet as that song of his own, sung by the woman he loved.

De Lacy awoke unrefreshed and weary. There is nothing so fatiguing as an unsatisfied action of the mind, which we cannot repress nor escape from. De Lacy knew that business was the surest relief from such annoyance, and he started at an early hour for Cork to finish his arrangement for sailing, and wrote to Rory, desiring him and his family to follow, appointing time and place for their rendezvous. A few days sufficed to bring them together again, and an immediate embarkation took place, for the wind was fair and the weather favourable.

Old Phelim O'Flanagan accompanied the O'Mores to the ship; and De Lacy, touched by this proof of attachment, offered to take him with them.

“Thanks to you in bushels, and may blessings in pailfuls be powered upon you! I'll stay in the owld place. We mustn't transplant owld sticks, though the saplin's may thrive the betther of it. But I'm obleeged to you all the same;—I could be of no use in a new place.”

“I beg your pardon, Phelim; I'll find use for you if you'll come. Your learning, Phelim, would make you an acquisition in a new place;—it is *there* you *would* be particularly useful.”

“Proud am I of your opinion, Misther De Lacy,” said Phelim, immensely pleased at this compliment to his learning,—“proud am I, and plazed: but thin, if you talk of a *new* counthry, sure I must think of the *owld* one; and what would the counthry here do without me?”

“That 's a difficulty, certainly,” answered

De Lacy, smiling; "but you shouldn't sacrifice your own interest too much to your patriotism. Come with me, and I'll be your friend as long as you live, Phelim."

"Oh! *proh pudor!* and it's ashamed I am not to be more worthy of your honour's frindship: and, indeed, a good frind and a throe frind you are; or, as the Latins say, *amicus certus*: but, all the same, I'll lave my bones in owld Ireland; and when I'm gone, maybe I'll go see you,—that is, if sper'ts is permitted to crass the say."

"God keep us! Phelim," said Mrs. O'More; "don't hant us, if you plaze."

De Lacy, when he could recover himself sufficiently from the laughter which Phelim's speech produced, said, "rum and brandy were the only spirits he ever heard of crossing the sea."

"Ay, —ardent sper'ts," replied Phelim. "Throth, thin, my sper't is as ardent as ever it was, and, at all events, wishes you happiness and prosperity; and——" Here the old man's

eyes began to glisten with tears, and his voice failed him. His thin lips essayed to utter a few words, and trembled with the pang of saying 'Farewell:' but the word remained unuttered, and a tremulous pressure of each hand of the friends he was parting from was the last signal of affection which passed between them.

The decks were now cleared of all save the sailors and passengers; the boats of the attendant friends pushed off; and it was not until old Phelim was seated in the skiff which bore him to the shore that he felt something in his hand, which he opened to look at: it was a purse with several gold pieces in it. He remembered De Lacy had been the last to shake hands with him. "God bless him! he did not forget even the poor owld man he was leaving behind!" and the 'poor old man' dropped his head upon his knees and cried bitterly.

The sails were shaken out, and, swelling to the breeze, bore the vessel from the lovely harbour of Cove. The ship was soon cleav-

ing the waters of the Atlantic, and the tearful eyes of many an emigrant were turned towards the shore they should never see again.

In one close group stood Rory and those who were dear to him. De Lacy was not of their party, but paced up and down the deck alone, and felt a keener pang at quitting his country than he could have imagined; and as her cliffs were lessening to his view, the more they became endeared to his imagination, and associations to which he did not think his heart was open asserted their influence over the exile. In an hour the deck was clearer; many had gone below, for the evening was closing fast: but still Rory and his group stood in the same spot, and looked towards the land; and still De Lacy paced the deck alone, and felt most solitary.

The wide ocean was before him, and the free wind sweeping him from all he had known, to the land where he knew none. He was a stranger on the sea; he was lonely, and he felt his loneliness. He looked at Rory O'More,

the centre of a group whom he loved, and who loved him, and he envied the resignation which sat on the faces of Kathleen and Mary as they looked towards their lost country, while their arms were entwined round the husband and brother. He approached them, for his solitude became painful, and he spoke.

“We shall soon see the last of old Ireland, Rory.”

“Yes, sir,” answered Rory in a tone implying tender regret.

“But you have all those with you who are dear to you, and the parting is less sad.”

“Thank God, I have,” said Rory fervently.

“And you, Mary, are a brave and sensible girl. I am glad to see you have dried your tears.”

“The heart may be sad, sir, without the eye being wet.”

The words entered De Lacy's very soul; and as he looked at the sweet face of the girl, whose beauty became the more touching from the tinge of gentle sadness upon it, he thought

how many as lovely a cheek had withered under the blight of silent grief.

“How faint the shore is looking now, sir!” said Mary.

“Yes, Mary;” and De Lacy approached her more nearly as he spoke. After a few minutes’ silence, while they still kept their looks upon the rapidly-sinking cliffs, De Lacy asked Mary if she thought it would not be too much for her feelings,—would she oblige him by—”

“What, sir?” said Mary timidly.

“Will you sing me ‘The Land of the West?’ It is the last time any of us shall ever hear it in sight of its shores.”

A blush suffused Mary’s cheek and a slight quiver passed across her lip at the request.

“Perhaps ’tis too much for you, Mary; if so, do not sing; but I own I am weak at this moment,—I did not know how much I loved poor Ireland.”

“I’ll sing it for you, sir: and sure I would sing the song for the dear country itself,—the

dear country ! and though I may cry, maybe 'twill be a pleasure to my heart."

Summoning all her resolution, she essayed to sing ; and after the first few words, which were faltered in a tremulous tone, her voice became firmer, and the enthusiasm which love of country supplied supporting her through the effort, she gave an expression to the song intensely touching. As she was concluding the final stanza, the last beams of sunset, splendidly bright, burst through the purple clouds of the horizon, and shed a golden glow on 'the Land of the West,' as the inspired singer apostrophised it. De Lacy looked upon her, and thought of his dream : it was the sunset and the song, and the same lovely face which beamed through his vision ; and when the touching voice of the girl sank in its final cadence into silence, she could support her emotion no longer—she burst into tears, and held out her clasped hands towards the scarcely visible shore.

De Lacy put his arm gently round her waist,





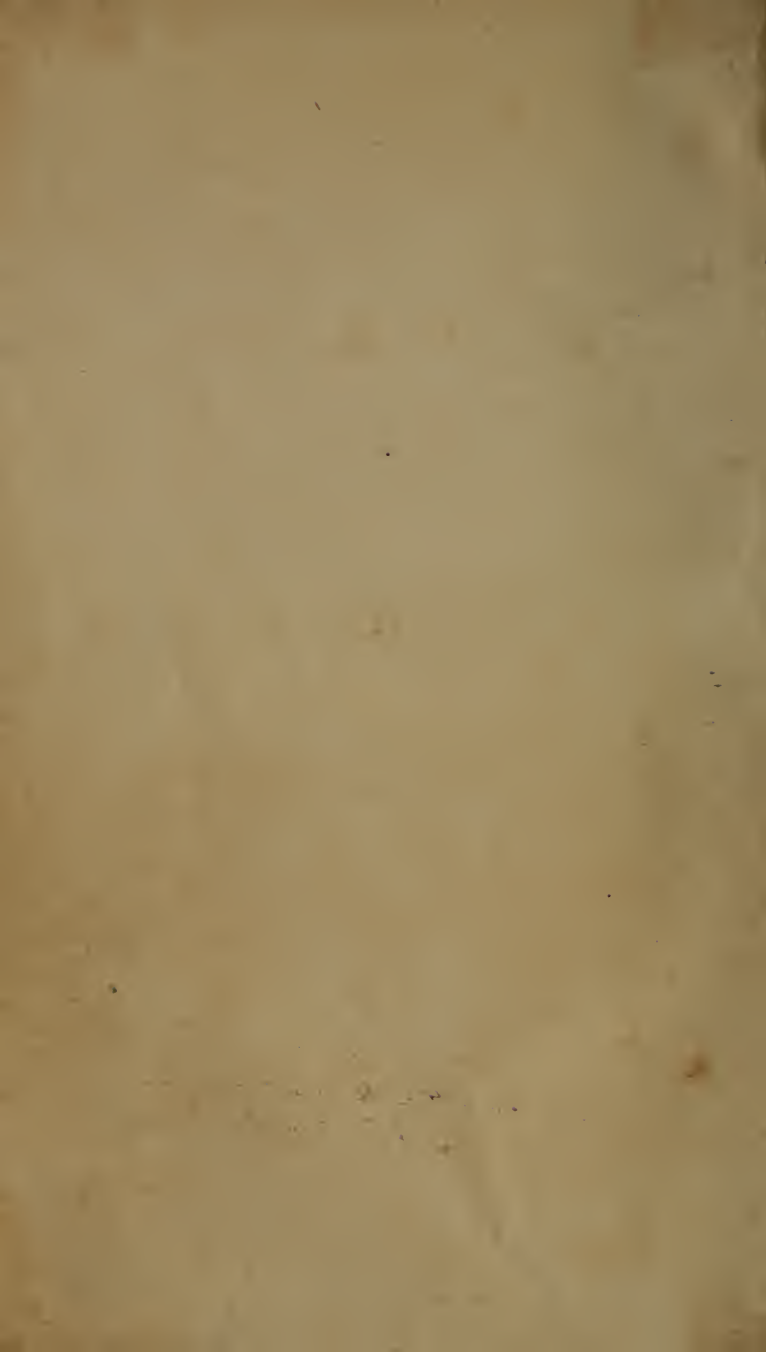
and the unresisting girl wept as he supported her. "Don't weep, Mary, don't weep," whispered De Lacy in a gentler tone than she had ever heard him speak before: "we shall see many a lovely sunset together in the woods of America, and you shall often sing me there 'The Land of the West.'"

THE END.

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